POEMS

GEORGE C. COPE

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BY

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Dedication

TO MAEVE

Thou whose name is as a pool
Runnels three are filling full
With the colours of the sky
And the hoarded imagery
Each by purling aits may bring
From its cloud-awaken'd spring—

Maeve—Mavourneen—Mavis—bear
Witness of the meanings there—
Queen from sad Iernè sprung—
Darling in Iernè's tongue—
Singer of the soft dark eyes
And impassion'd melodies—

Take—if any passion shine
Through these melodies of mine—
Take and deem it but to be
Part of all I proffer thee,
Written prelude of the part
Written only in my heart.

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I

The Dream and the Picture[1]

SHADOW! Where is thy Being? For somewhere
Within creation's boundary must fare
The wondrous Being that fore-ran thy birth,
And without whom, inhabiting this earth,
Thou wert a consequence without a cause,
And outragest inviolable laws.
Dost thou indeed gainsay the Assurer thus,
The one thing in the world anomalous?
Fate's ordinances would'st thou do away,
As though, upon the docile winds astray,
And effluent of no procreative tone,
An echo should explore the world alone;
Or, as it were, some limpid lake reflect
A phantom vault with starry mirage deck'd?

O dark eyes eloquent; O warm white throat,
Uplifted like a song-bird's whose clear note
Is pealing to the pink horizon's edge
In pride of his youth's amorous privilege;
O young sweet head whereon swift halos play,

Like sunny winds of an ambrosial day
That meet and undulate and intersect
Continually; pure shape, with no defect
Of raiment such as we ignobler use,
But clad in thine own paradisal hues;
O balmy mouth, instinct with veil'd desires,
Dearer than any mortal mouth aspires
To meet and cleave to and be fed upon;
It cannot be that ye are wholly gone;
Shall dews and sunshine as each morrow comes
Be married through undreamt millenniums,
And breed those shades and gleams that call
you kin,
With luminous vapour-seas they dwell within,
And those fair truths be never known to me
Whereof ye are but echoes verily?
If I am endless and my faith remains
Shall I not somewhere, in the cloudy plains
Eternity and space, with constant strife
Pygmalion-like adore you into life,
As trust brings vision, or as fervent creeds
Engender the fulfilment of their needs?

No more.—Thou answerest not. I will
constrain,
Shadow, thy soul to heal that mute disdain,—

Which is not that indeed ;—O far from thee
Is dullard scorn as mock humility—
But ah! not yet, not yet dost thou transcend
The ways that the serene etheriads wend,
To pass into our universe, and give
Such surety to our dreams that they may live.

Goddess, desert thine unapparent sphere!
Come forth! Resume thy shadow! It is here!
Ascribe I not thee well to thine own place,—
Well, insomuch as human thought hath grace?—
Thine inconceivable realm and ageless age
Concur not with the cold terrestrial stage
Thy shadow treadeth, though divine it be
And delicate as poet's phantasy.

Beyond that cavern, blue and olive-dim,
The far waves flash and leap, whose eponym
Perchance is Æolus, and their echoing shore
Moan'd sad farewell to Proserpine of yore?
Or Mytilenè made her diadem
Of deathless melody within smile of them?
Or Chios learnt her thunder thence? or Crete?
Or Thessaly bathed therein her servile feet,
And famed Penëus is the warbling tide

Thy shadow's whitest ray is seen beside?
And toward its lush-green runnel-seeking slant
Forested with the turquoise memory-plant,
The Red-herbs,[2] woven wide like gossameres
And bright as though they never drank the tears
Of any but the crimson sunset-clouds,
Lean from the brink and climb the hill in crowds?

In this thy cincture other worlds are felt,
As by Orion's wearing of his belt
One apprehends the Hyades, and knows
Beyond what crag the mighty Sirius goes;
And so aware of humming noon am I,
—A buoyant ocean balancing the sky—
And hear a muffled laughter bubbling up
Through mossy knolls, in some age-quarried cup
Limpid and lichen-bearded and remote,
As dulcet as a dove's voice in its throat;
—Border'd by golden saxifrage and cress
Its orifice;—hewn out by one no less
Than terrible Eternity its seat:—
And I discern that, summon'd by the heat,
The million single scents, each keen and clear,

That people spring, must be assembled here
In pleasing anarchy, or seem sometimes
To mix in metres new and odorous rhymes,
And such bewitching contrasts as prepare
A counterpoint of incense, as it were,
And link themselves with Ocean's measured
beat,
And winds and birds and bees, to swell the sweet
Enchantments of the fertile inland coast,
Its woodland banks, and little waves almost
Too languid to uplift such fragile foam
As gathers now the cuckoo seeks our home
Upon his favourite flowers in all the dell.

Hither from silence, O adorable,
With all thy company of shapes that seem
To be thy shadow's circumambient dream!
Come forth into our wilderness and wake
The stony world to passion for thy sake,
Passion, a vestal flame to shrivel lust,
A clarion calling blossom from the dust!
I see the elective ray upon thy hair
Thy consecration gloriously declare;
I hear, above the blending of the tides
Of air and sea, a tempest that divides
With flash and fervour the majestic curves

Of thy god-moulded mouth, which so deserves
(Setting unmeasured aspirations free,
Launching unnumber'd victories) to be
The portal of some high enthusiasm
And all its sequels, as the orient chasm
To be the mouth whence morning prophesies
The unborn marvels of the new sunrise.
Thy shadow and thy shadow's circumscript,
Here in high noon's baptismal ocean dipp'd
Of billowy purple, wear their smile in token
Of all thy vows and promises unbroken;
The most penurious churl of praise could see
No parsimony of delight in thee;
Heaven did not make thine eyes less deep because
Thy voice is blither than Aurora's was;
Nor that pellucid resonance mar, although
Thy cheek be lovelier than Lepontine snow
Made vivid by the morning's rosy kiss;
Nor grudge to give a pure mind's perfect bliss,
Albeit such rare resources had been spent
Upon thy young soul's bright embodiment.

And who is he that loves thee? And for whom
Is that soul-joyance breaking through the bloom

And radiance of red mouth and eye and limb,
Glories that make that greater glory dim
With sweet concealment? Magic dome is his
Whose ambit constellates thy reveries;
He flings a blithe defiance to the fates
Whom thine immortal love rejuvenates.

Hither! and walk beside the fountain's wave;
Look at the lawn, the fountain, and the cave
Not pitiless! Did I but dream that here
An outlaw dwelt, and once in half a year
A flushing deity came to share with him
The warm gloom till the morning-star grew dim,
And then she left him silently, at once,
Ere from the forest-edge the first response
Could echo to the earliest ouzel singing,
Yea, though he clung, she left him vainly clinging,
Or listening vainly for her parting feet;
She was stol'n from him by a soft and sweet
And rapid indistinctness, which befell
His senses as in some Etrurian dell
Quick twilight spirits all fair sights away,
And blurs the last faint outlines of the day;
Lost in the maze of that enchanted glare,
It seems for ever, like some planet fair,

That scorning baser burial hath withdrawn
To death within some faëry cloud of dawn,
The dawn is overblown, the blush fades fast,
The soft cloud passes, but it too has past.

Did I but dream it? Is it but the shade
Of mythopœic slumber phantom-laid?
Is there no memory of some far abyss
Of backward time whose hour was like to this?
Me such a memory always overbroods;
My earliest infancy reclaim'd these woods;
Knew the delicious whelming of that wave
And silent sanctity of the wooing cave;
And soon it seem'd that exile was myself
Who paced the cavern's olive-curtain'd shelf,
And waited, waited, while the daylight wore,
As Argo waited for the cynosure
To cleave the obscurity wherewith the day
Bewilder'd Tiphys and effaced the way.
And had I dared, as dare I did almost,
I must believe thy shadow but the ghost
Of that too dear defaulter who, unseen,
Pitied the long eclipse those heavens between;
And when she would with faint repentant touch
Have quench'd that misery, it avail'd as much
As the nocturnal noon's dim hush avails

To quench the clamour of the nightingales,
Or her dark dew which gathers up to dawn
To quench the glow-worm's flame upon the lawn,
Or infant April's blossomy breath to stanch
The monstrous torrent of the avalanche.

Nay, do I not believe it? Though the wraith
Of haunting dread dishearten still my faith;
Though none could better know—ah! who so well?—
From what lost height that crippled spirit fell
Which now inhabits me (if truly so
Him it inhabited long years ago),
Why else am I so wholly unendow'd
With aught but adoration and this cloud
Of uncommunicative memories sweet,
That wound me with their pains so exquisite?

If, as I think, the world's tradition runs,
Beautiful spirit, with the shining ones,
Thou art not cold to that Athenian's creed
That in the far-forgotten life men lead
Before their births, on some mysterious plane,
Each is a twin, in spirit, heart and brain,
Of a perpetual partner ever dear,
Who walks with him the ante-natal sphere,

Whose every aspiration echoes his,
Who shares his hopes and fears and sympathies,
Until the dark appointed day arrives
To disunite and blast their mutual lives,
When he must enter on this earthly state,
And face its thorny cares disconsolate!
For though across his heart and mind be spun
A web of sad and strange oblivion,
The past from his terrestrial sense to hide,
Yet haunting reminiscences abide,
And take the form of hollow yearnings vague,
And torturing wants, and restless woes that plague
His soul sometimes to madness with the stings
Of baffling doubts and desperate questionings.

Thus of myself—but ah! not thus of thee—
Albeit I trust my master-phantasy;—
Yet hearken once again, ere I submit,
Releasing thy reluctance, as were fit.

From the high ridge of that sweet orchard-lawn
Within whose kernel-cottage I was born,
Stretches a valley of ambiguous gleam
And double access, which the keys of dream
And waking life do severally secure

To the initiates of their proper lore.
Me scarce my mother's milk more early fed
Than joy of the apotheosis shed
Upon that valley by the ray of sleep;
And from that vision waking not to weep,
I felt it in the light of common day
Yet instinct with the supersensual ray,
Whence all my teachers fabled of abodes
Indwelt by angels, fairies, fauns and gods,
To my dear valley but the semblance wore
Of savage and discrowning metaphor.

Not once, or twice, or tenfold was that trance,
Resurgent, but of ceaseless iterance,
As though its current and my course were one,
Nor alien more than sunshine to the sun;
And all that iterance shook me as a chord
By genius welded to a heavenly word;
Only within, and over, and beneath,
Like simmering sap and iridescent sheath,
There seem'd to wrap and penetrate and cling
Such ecstasy and so transfiguring,
As Euthanasians know, inspired and fey,
And prescient of unearthly-breaking day
In paradise long look'd for and new-seen,
And the beloved countenance serene.

And still, behind the valley's outer moods
And inner reticence, similitudes
And omens of a presence bore a part;
The valley knew it in its verdant heart
And lilied pool; in each remotest bent
Conducting with a tiny filament
Faint augury of it to the far-strewn herd;
In the water-fall; and every plashing bird,
And every dipping flower that sought the kiss
Of that bright comrade of the precipice;
And more than all I knew it,—I, who came,
As those who find their deity in the flame,
To centre there my worship; and in these,
Dim pattern-mirrors, broken images,
And splinter'd sparks of the effulgent whole
Knew that aloof, delaying, watching soul
I ever tend to in immortal thirst,
My Alpha-Omega, my last and first.

Ah, me! my valley's mystery, too sure
For dread, for comprehension too obscure,
That thrills and tortures the divided sense
With magic and with misintelligence!
'Tis April's new-born life—I note it well—
Shines on the winds and makes them visible,—
From perfect instruments o'erflowing free

This sunrise is a perfect symphony;
Sweet minstrelsy of colours, heaven forbid
I should essay more wrong than Marsyas did,
Whose false notations have no type for these
Fair-flushing hymns and choral radiances!
This is that lustre when the cypress beams
An emerald, and the vaulted ether seems
A compassing and carapacèd sphere,
And through its port-hole of the sun we peer
Forth and beyond it to a boundless well
Of wrapping splendour insupportable.
I hear reverberate from the Vital tree
The ouzel-stanza, æon-born to be
The deep articulation ever new
Of the divine earth-spirit's wet brown hue,
And warm ferment, and milky blossoming,
And else ineffable odour of the spring;—
Or robin, like a breezy mountaineer,
New-kindled, breast and brain, with sprightly cheer,
Rejoicing from a snow-capp'd pear-tree range;—
Or witness, by a swift autumnal change,
The rookery like an ebon comet flow
Clear-cut through some tempestuous after-glow;—
Or overpass the Autumn's furthest edge,

Break through the skeleton of its wither'd hedge,
Traverse the stubble-field, and having stept
Deep in the sodden husk where lately slept
The chestnut on his death-illumined branch,
Pierce the moist wood, and mid the avalanche
Of leaves and twigs that patter, gleam and whirl,
Hear the shrill bustle of the flurried merle;
And then let every rude and gloomy trace
Melt back again into the tender grace
Of calm September, when the beech-wood dons
Its loveliest look of subtle-temper'd bronze
And, through the soothèd mists that brood aloft
And wrap it like a legend, burns as soft
And liquid as a loving woman's eyes,—
Or lap me in midsummer's midnight skies
Still redolent of the receding ray,
And warmth of a delicious yesterday.

So shifts the panorama of the years
Through calms and passions, climes and atmospheres,
And small and great felicities, as though
Some harmony at heart constrain'd it so;
So broods the wonder of the valley's trance,

As if the overarching sky-expanse,
Like an enchanted burning-glass o'erhead,
All vassal brilliances had shepherded
Into a glow of gladness, a degree
Of beauty ravenous and incendiary,
Consuming all things common and unclean,
That not a crumb of mould, or glint of green,
Or sap-vein, by that spiritual glow
Impregnate, but the presence there I know,
As one perceives in some elusive strain
Some faëry-voyager's wind-borne car arcane.

Through what strong symbols might deciphered be
This '*mirum multiplex sensibile*'?
In what deep analogues what tongue might tell
This buried life of the unknowable,
Sole remedy of the barren and impure,
That keeps all life alive for evermore?

Dreams? Are not dreams seclusions hoarding well
Contents no otherwise containable?
Ethereal connotations to express
Enchantments that were else expressionless?
Caskets of joy re-integrated? Urns

Of ancient magic that the earth unlearns,
And, lacking, drives with undissuasive helm
On ruinous hate's inhospitable realm?
Apparellings of blinding truth? A door
To hopes no waking life has entry for?

In trusting childhood, therefore, and the span
From adolescence to the years of man,
Chances and times and seasons I recall—
White blossom-burst—resplendent foliage-fall—
Volcanic moment-peak of lightning keen—
Or long and deep and tranquil time-ravine
Of autumn's hallowing, and (though haply strewn
With early spilth of the equinoctial moon)
By the blue sun-roof shelter'd from its rains,
And trench'd between its boisterous hurricanes—
Minutes of faint-flush'd ether and green skies,
Where swallows loiter with the flitter-mice—
Frost-vivid star-vaults—noontide interludes,
On scorchèd hills and heathy solitudes,
When vague aspersions of the wet sweet south
Blur the becalm'd heat-ocean, heal the drouth
Of fern, and ling, and little dearest birds,
And arid souls and senses, as with words
Of love and comfort deep-design'd for all;—

And lo! the barrier crumbles to its fall;
The curtain adiaphanous is grown
A ripe betrayer of mysterious tone
And poignant adumbration; the opaque
Cloud-shell of baffled brilliance yearns to break;
The sad speech-laden silence seems to hang
Upon the brink of parturition's pang,
Till to the issuing must surely come
That mask'd intelligence, that clamour dumb
Importuning cognition and reply,
That tortured pity, prison'd energy,
That patience of the cliff-rebutted surge,
That ever-striving watcher on the verge.

Year after year bore up and roll'd away,
Yet never did I see until that day—
Or contemplate to see, though sorely fain,
One dweller of the dream-secluded plane
In bondage to the apparent, or so pent
Even in the divine envelopment
Of those quick-flashing colours and that warm
And woman-interfused Valhalla form—
Until that day which in a distant land
Up-roused, and led me forth, and bid me stand
Entranced before a dead seer's colour'd thought

And subtly working instinct, born and taught
To mask some great soul unconceived before
Behind that splendid shadow I conjure,
And stay it there, while harmless centuries creep,
Mid airs of earth and voices of the deep.

Then in a moment to the magnet leapt
The elements of the wreckage where they slept,
And set themselves in order and array,
As suddenly, to children at their play,
The scatter'd puzzle, answering to the key,
Is marshall'd as with magic joinery.
Then I beheld, unocculted and spread
Upon the canvas of the seer long dead,
My vision, and perceived that sumptuous mind
By strange prolepsis with its tenor twined,
And that fore-seeing soul at one with me
O'er-leaping the quadruple century,
And felt sure footing and smooth access laid
Across the bi-millennial barricade,
And knew the living and Hellenic age
Allied by subtler tie than lineage,
The ban a bidding, and the chasm a link
To merge the exiles of each cloven brink.

O thou undoubted deity of my dream,
Solve me the riddle of the perfect scheme,
That knows not violation ! O unblind
Those faithful compacts, "Seek and ye shall find,"
"Ask and receive," "Knock and be usher'd in,"
From all entanglements of sloth and sin
And terror and uncleanliness that blur
The witnessing of me thy worshipper ;
Give me to know the frailty and the force
Surging within me like a wayward source
Of pre-ordain'd event, not mine to wield,
Mine only to subserve, as orders seal'd
Constrain the envoy of a far emprise,
Whence to myself myself am all disguise.
So many a mystic tenet haunts me thus,
Of my soul's privacy indigenous ;
Such expectations like a coursing fire ;
Such idiosyncrasies of chain'd desire ;
Enigmas urgent of delight and awe ;
Experiences remembrance never saw.
Give me to know what potencies they are,
What elements of an ultra-cosmic star,
Storing the other side of the unseen
The unfelt and the unheard with fervours keen,

To touch and draw us with a film more rare
Than feeling, less evadable than air;
Unbandaging the soul's unusèd eyes;
Uplifting into new lucidities,
And yielding us new increments unearn'd
Of life clear-heard, far-seen and deep-discern'd,
While yet the feet must stumble and each nerve
Refuse the office it were fain to serve!
Give me to know why all things shimmer through
Some glamour-robe; the landscape's light and hue
Through vestiture, half glory and half veil,
Of tremulous ardour; the melodious trail
Of the high lark through holier passion-shower
Than his own shedding; day's departing hour
Through zones of peace hesperian, which the beam
Not yet abandons on the hills of dream!
What is that interwoven strand of will
That spurns impediment, and makes us still,
Whatever curb of time or place we bear,
Akin to always and to everywhere?
Are not the purple bays, the craggy capes
Of the sky-ocean, the dissolving shapes

That warm winds mould and dyes unearthly
steep
Related to us by a bond so deep,
So true, it were no parable to say
We are "at home" in their elysian day,
No '*rhema meteschematismenon*'
To reckon us "enskied" because they shone?
Do not the ancient-silted hemispheres,
The continents submerged a myriad years,
Whose embers light the dim degenerate day
Of Hellas, Egypt and Etruria,
Leave starry records of their breed sublime
In names and knowledge of the later time;
Such lingering alchemy as poets bend
To whatsoever wondrous type and end
Of thought and sound and colour may become
An earnest of the spirit's masterdom
In all that man perceives? How many a space
Of beatific time and holy place
Is so illustrious with one human voice,
That generations kindle and rejoice?
But ah! a blessed few are born who build
Religion of its melody long still'd,
Learning its godlike kinship and degree
Through spirit-conscious consanguinity.
That voice celestial—hath it no presage

Of followers fired to the remotest age?
Those followers—must their homage die unsaid
To their adored and interdicted dead?
Where are they now—my spirit's pioneers,
My heart's beloved, driers of my tears,
Of my soul's question the diviners sweet?
What savage law will say, "Ye shall not meet,
Exiles of orbits alien and unlink'd,
Banish'd from time to come and time extinct"—?
Such the supreme anachronism must be,
The uttermost incredibility.

One says that living man with bodily eye
From reckon'd poise and distance may descry
Primæval happenings, and demand for this
No mystic birth or metamorphosis,
But crescence only of the gift he hides,
As now and here contain whate'er betides
Each hour and nook and cranny of to-come;
And thus at will project himself to plumb
The abyss of starry magnitudes whose glow
Lights up the life of myriad years ago,
With all long-moulder'd chroniclers proclaim
By dim tradition handed down to them;
Survey the long unfolding of the sphinx,
And sculpture of those ancient water-brinks;

Contemplate from his station in the abyss
The walls of Troy, the fleets of Salamis;
Or Cæsar's—watch'd by Cassivellan's host—
Or Spaniard's—splinter'd on the Connaught coast;
Or Empire suckled on Philippi's dew;
Or musterings of the dawn of Waterloo;
And follow with foreknowledge strange and tense
Those world-transfiguring pageants' wild suspense.

Ah, should it be so, how diviner far
Than scrutiny of fratricidal war
Whose horrors might the shriven dead besmirch,
It were to bend our retrospicient search
On moving acts and lips and eyes and brows
That once were sign interpreter or house
Of prophet thunder or omniscient brain
Or heavenly ectasy or haunting strain
Shedding their endless and aërial hues
On Avon or Scamander; Syracuse,
Verona, or Lerici; or that sage
Young-eyed and pure, on pious pilgrimage
To Arno's glittering vale from Albion's Isle,
Companion of that aged man erewhile

Companion of Torquato, while they tread
The column'd cross that aisles Italia's dead!

And yet not so! For something ill it were
Those reliquary hours to disinter;
Something too darkly ominous of doom;
Too sick with lawless espionage and gloom
Of gruesome half-disintegrated shells
Evoked by sinister and ghoulish spells;
Whence dust and ashes must the harvest be
Of that distorted eschatology.

Nay, for what else might fuse the finish'd chain
But intimacies deep of soul and brain,
But flash of eye to eye and lip to lip;
No sterile cheat of foil'd spectatorship
And sapless disentombment but the range
Of all we are in amplest interchange?

Too fierce a truth is that the old words say;
Mere heart-break is the long, long never-day;
I cannot brook the loss of dear souls dead;
By no new gains can I be comforted;
No frail perversity is it that so wrings
With anguish for all spent illustrious things,
Delights we deem ephemeral none the less

Than such as tinge all time with graciousness;
The sum of good the heart of man can crave
With right divine of loyalty to have;
The sum of happiness the green earth bore
With right divine of beauty to endure,
That beauty which the soul has fed upon
Born of the present or of ages gone,
Which by no hap might all extinguish'd be
But some malign and evil cruelty.

My life is darken'd by the brutal waste
My soul is bitter with destruction's taste
As reverie grows upon me long and long
Of tryst and troth, of singer and of song;
Nay, if they perish, not to me they die;
Fulfill'd with pity that is pain am I
For Perdita and her shy swallow still
O'er ocean beacon'd by her daffodil;
Tender to tears for some delicious dove
Theocritus or Chaucer told me of.

To everyone his paradise! To me
(Love! Faith! Perennial Wonder! Deity!
Unwearying Expectation as thou art!)
Thy grace alone prolonging in my heart
The ecstasy youth's blood beat time withal,
The mystery with my spirit congenital!

O Love, some day to traverse, thou and I,
The silvery thickets of the azure sky,
(Thou still of all life's poesy and scent
The sacred source and fostering element,
I but the least-regarded of the cares
That pluck thine heart or haunt thee half-awares)
Wade through their cincturing surf and shining spray
And pierce the inner saturating ray
That Iris fashions ere from ridge to ridge
She flings her flawless elf-alluring bridge;
Be free as air, nay air-resolvèd be
To don them and envelop them with me
And my continual passion for their sphere,
Or flush'd, or grey, or green, or flooded clear
And liquid-golden like heaven's virgin honey,
Or hoary-cirrhous as hemp-agrimony;
Or when the rim-star fades to fiery doom,
Or hanging o'er Atlantis' heaving tomb,
Lights up the dark cerulean depth where freeze
Jupiter's five remote moon-mistresses;
Back by the arduous founder'd years to climb
To the beloved dead before my time;
Forth by the unsown centuries to meet
The coming miracles' untether'd feet;

To feel all kinsfolk in desire and thought
Contemporary and compatriot,
As love for love the death of death should be
And sympathy of soul ubiquity.

Division is not Law; to all we knew
Treading the Earth we have not said adieu;
Of such as without vision we loved and love
A passion more imperious doth approve
A synchronism of surer hold than Earth's,
Cognitions dated not by deaths and births,
Whereby, albeit the envious fates have laid,
Year upon year, a shadowy barricade
(Most shadowy is it, as the Spirit sees)
Between those deaths and our nativities,
All such by some divine forestalment reach,
With contact more articulate than speech
More kindling than embraces, to our souls;
And we by strange reversal of our goals
(As men esteem reversal) can unslay
Dead eras and the worlds they overlay,
Assemble all their agonists again,
Their faiths, and arts, and knowledges arcane,
And bid the long procession backward roll,
A visible resurrection like the scroll
Of painted panoramas, while we choose

Our own from all those radiant retinues,
Bewilder'd less than happy-choosing bees
That chant about the garden-trellises,
And some the purple lupins, some the white
Their ladders make of murmuring delight.
So one shall win the disembitter'd smile
Of Dante whom serener years exile
To Della Scala's homage and that dream
Of Paradise the New Life boded him;
And one, grown comradely with Keats, shall learn
New wisdom from another Grecian urn,
And sweeter sorceries than the Autumn sun
E'er wrought upon the stubble-fields; and one
Caught up into the west-wind, shall o'ertake
The seraph-prints of Shelley's meteor-wake,
And, buoyant as a luminous cloud, draw near
To breathe unharm'd his holy atmosphere
Beatified for ever; yea, all times
Be in their hands whose hours a great love chimes.

O'er that thin strait where mortal voyagers flock
The Past and Future (each a loadstone-rock
Whose chymic empire there is none that knows)

Stand beckoning to each other and to those;
Propulsion and enticement, in long schism
Contending, each a mighty magnetism,
To no uncertain issue. Vain the thought
Of loss and gain, defeat and victory, wrought
By powers contemporaneous and mature
Building upon the plinth of heretofore;
Far in the unforeseen where justice plies
Her task all springs of destiny arise;
The long-drawn-out experience of the suns
The waters and the winds, the soul that runs
Through rocks and roots and cells and herds
and tribes
None other than Futurity prescribes,
The Past a dumb recording angel, She
The great Compulsion bidding all to be;
Hers is the incantation unreveal'd,
The talisman untried we yet shall wield,
Even we the lowly embryos of Man
To summons all we would from all we can.

Goddess, or whatsoever thou may'st be
Encompassing my tract of infancy
With legend, and my eager youth with trance
Sweet as an exhalation of romance
Perplexing blissfully; who dost absorb,

Thyself unseen (as doth the unseen orb
Deluge with silver day the midnight moon),
My valley far more fair than plenilune;
I trace my dim traditions and acclaim
Of all such spells the secret is the same;
For love alone is life, and ours once ours
Immortal, though delayed by specious powers
That fable death where life had never shone
Immortals we mortality have put on.
Whatever bounteous realm or golden age
Decipher soon my blessed vassalage
Will be that sphere where being not alone
Is life, but neighbourhood and unison,
And neighbourhood and unison are fate;
For this henceforth I calm my soul and wait.

II

The Moor

DAWN and the first day of the week,
And over the moor we go to seek,
For me the hills and the hazes blue,
And the weird of a girl's grey eyes for Hugh.

—A shower of sunlight bathes her head ;
Her cheeks remember the dawn's faint red ;
And the mystic spells of the seas and skies
Of the sorrowful Isle are in her eyes—

And as we go there is not heard
Hymn forty-ninth or fifty-third,
But infinite chant and endless swell
Of choruses uncountable.

And the larks go up, and the cushats call,
And the blackbirds flute, where a chance let fall
Green waifs of woodland along the moor
From the wing of April hurrying o'er.

And deep in the woody places there
The holy sunshine is most fair,
The fair leaf fibre glorying through,
With sinuous arteries of the dew.

And the spirit distils from beam and chant
Vague visions, magic, inebriant,
That bless the blood and ensky the brain
With exaltations sweet and sane.

And these and the warm earth's breathing tell
My heart of a love for me as well,
With eyes—of the dear deep western grey ?
Or blue ? or hazel ?—they will not say.

And whether the look of those unknown eyes
Delay my crown till the next sun rise,
Or a thousand centuries rise and set,
They tell not at all, or tell not yet.

But Love is Presence and spurns delay ;
And lies are absence and fall away ;
And death with dawning and near with far
Are one in the world where the living are.

And there comes no glimmer of God to me,
No voice on the wind, no shine in the sea,
No bird in the leaves, no leaf on the stem,
If She be not ever alive in them.

And I go to the North, and I go to the South,
To the western mist, and the eastern drouth,
And the boy's years went and the man's years
came,
And the why and the whither are still the same.

There are moors of Devon and hills of Dream,
Black quicksands drinking the white soul-
stream,
The rainbows bridge them, the storm-tracks
blur,
And over them all I go to Her.

Murder Lane

LITTLE winsome winding road,
Hidden by thy pannier'd load,
Radiant hedge and russet bank
Piled aloft on either flank,
To the vast vale, mother-breast
Of many a vale, thou journeyest,
Where the slow, sure summer treads
Foison-feasted glacier-beds,
Lilied pools that swallow thee,
Downward dingles to the sea,
Whence anon his breath of brine,
Wandering up some twisted chine,
Faintly boasts in echoes grim
Ruthless murders wrought by him.

Murder has been murder'd here
Many a lustrous lustral year,
Sunk for aye in thine immense
Overflowing innocence ;

In thy dews all shame and guilt
Of spilt blood themselves are spilt;
By thy many-season'd spells,
Autumn tints and summer smells,
By thy changing robe of mist,
Topaz, emerald, amethyst,
By thy storms that drench the plains,
By thy lark's elysian strains,
By all charms that heal and hide,
Shrouded, solved and glorified.

"So soon passeth it away"

SEVENTY times for a seven-fold week,
If favour'd be our doom,
We find the violets when we seek,
And scent the hyacinth-bloom ;
Seventy times the tingling floods
Of the new winds sweep and shine
And toss the flush of the currant buds
To the flash of the laurustine ;
Seventy times the sweet pink shells
Are hatch'd on the linden tree ;
It may be enough for some one else,
It is not enough for me.

Seventy times the world is warm
With the wrapping murmur-veil
Which the busy fans of the basking swarm
O'er the shimmering landscape trail ;
And the thrush tries over his notes afresh,
And the wild lark, wing'd anew,

Escapes the dew-gleam's silvery mesh,
And plunges up the blue;
And from these, like living elixir wells,
Our souls would sated be,
It may be enough for some one else,
It is not enough for me.

Seventy times the star-fleet sails,
The summer sun begins
His voyage from Cancer to the Scales,
From Scorpio to the Twins;
Fervid on bloom and leaf and lip
And eye and cheek and hair,
Gold where the lake-bound hazels dip,
Crystal on snow-wreaths fair,
The light that *is* on waves and fells
Has seventy years to be;
It may be enough for some one else,
It is not enough for me.

To You!

I HAVE loved you, darling, always,
And always will,
In great ways and small ways,
Stormy and still;
As peasant and as peeress,
As savage and as seeress,
With jest and with frown,
In torment and pleasure,
With grey eyes and azure,
And hazel-brown.

I have found you, darling, only
By hap, by hint;
By the great light lonely,
By star-swarm's glint;
With the russet woodlands reeling,
And the April echoes pealing
Thro' the gust of the briar;

Felt and not seen you
For the veil spread between you
And soul-desire.

Will you love me, darling, later,
When day is done;
In the fresh beam greater
Than star or sun;
When the Autumn pain is easèd
And the wild Spring want appeasèd
With strange new breath;
Where shame no longer welters,
And the hunted secret shelters,
In sweet, sweet Death?

IT has not been my wont, as many use,
To gather from the dreams of ancient earth
A ready imagery for living worth
And breathing beauty; thus with typic hues
Outglare each new horizon, and confuse
In one most weary and unfeatured dearth
New worlds which their own unforeboded birth
With fresh and ever virgin youth indues.
Yet gentlest, sweetest, most mysterious one,
Long ere for me thy budded-lily look
And set lips broke in sparkling melody,
I felt Calypso's legend round thee thrown
The Dryad time, the tendrill'd cavern-nook,
The warm isle-winds and diapason sea.

THE Sun supreme ; the awful azure heaven
O'ergrown with silvery jungle where he dwells ;
The pure air passionless ; ambrosial smells
The green earth offers it for amorous leaven ;
Wild waters chanting through their native Devon ;
Sweet birds that flood the sky or trance the dells ;
And swarms that flash upon the humming fells,
Our one delight is woven of these seven.
And what is it that weaves, that can descry
The eternal pledge within that mystic tie ?
Thine own soul is thy riddle, and at thy feet
All riddles and all revelations meet ;
Whate'er thy Sphinx, whate'er the question be,
Discern thyself, and lo ! thou hast the key.

"SHE thought I scarce should know her—others tell
How quick a change o'ertakes her every hour—"
She says; and seems half hurt that from the flower
Unfolded, the sweet-breathing fruit's soft swell,
I backward trace so easily and well
The bud and blossom in their April bower,
As last I saw them through a sudden shower,
That loosed the sheaths of passion as it fell.
O child, what wrong if, when those murmuring lips
Seem'd maid to all but mirth, I could foreknow
The time when Love should make them pregnant-ripe
With unborn kisses,—that through long eclipse
Of severance I could dream thy youth's fair type
True to itself, and wake, and find it so?

RISE, Man! Demand thy Maiden, body and soul!
Other petition or resolve were both
Too little and too much. From pole to pole
And round the ecliptic claim her nothing loth!
Sweet flesh and blood and passion, plotted feast
For thy deep famine, clinging clasp and kiss,
Warm pants and pulsings like the rose-red east,
Wilt thou not claim and enter into bliss?
Yet know, thy claim nefariously exceeds
If thou augment it not beyond all measure,
With search transcending far thine earthly needs
And levying tribute of celestial treasure,
Her spirit-voice to warn thee on the heights,
Her spirit-look to blind the starry lights.

Scilly

COME unto these mellow isles
Where salt sea smiles,
Honied o'er and o'er and flush'd,
The hard world hush'd,
Voyage it featly here and there,
And, bright waves, the bardess bear,
Come, come,
Now, now,
The wall-flower bloom
Is yet aglow;
Come, while the calm
Brief April hours possess the warm
Sweet Archipelago.

Venus

"Et parum comis sine te Juventas"

O GODDESS, whom the new times plot against
To gain from thee our golden spirit of youth,
Thy temple, thy last hour which thou retain'st
Of centuries that knew and loved thy truth!
Alas! they know not what they do, not seeing
That lustre of hair and eyes, sweet wants that warm,
And purity, that breath of passion's being,
And hymn of birds, and bliss of colour and form,
Odours and, the aroma of all these,
Wild poesy which the heart of man doth hide,
Are frosts and voids and deaths and darknesses
By thy sweet soul unfill'd, unglorified;
Goddess, return ere clangs their brazen gate
And lead us with thee, lest it grow too late.

Youth

"Et parum comis sine te"—Venustas

O GOODLY time that talkest with me now,
Like a most real presence brooding warm,
The fervent mellowing forenoon doth not swarm
Invisibly and vaguely sweet as thou,
With its air-peopling spirits to endow
Senses new-born with Eden, and inform
A want so urgent with so thick a storm
Of fertile ardours to redeem its vow.
So Nature's subtle inconceivable art
Her lyre hath swept and incantation plann'd,
That sap and soil and sky and pulses start,
Thou goodly time, and choir their just demand,
"Take thou thy throne within our central heart
For all thine empire is our native land!"

BEYOND the fair horizon's rosy hills
I seek thee early, when the valley's hem
Gleams with the faint star-flower of Bethlehem;
And when at eventide the land refills
With that inviolable calm that stills
Each leaf, and bud, and blossom, and dewy stem,
Until the nightingale entranceth them,
I seek thee yet as my sad genius wills.
It is the very quest (though *not* the same)
Which I began so gladly years ago,
The eyes, the hands, the heart that mine shall claim
In heaven above as on the earth below;
The earthly hope should vanish as it came,
Thou dwellest in eternity, I know.

THE perishing hates, the loves that live
When blossomy April shakes her sieve
And the ocean of life obeys its mesh,
And what is here but the glad and fresh,
Since bitter from sweet is folded faster
Than goats from sheep by the Judgment-pastor?

The elastic light and the wet brown land
Are its warp and woof and atoning strand,
And the shuttle that mix'd them through and through
Is the pillar of fire, made bland with dew,
That walks round the world each day to kindle
A space where the pillar of cloud may dwindle.

What precious odour or clear wild call
Does that well-wielded sieve let fall?
Tell me the ruthless wrongs and pains
Which that commodious mesh retains;
O man of sorrow and sore repentance!
No choice but *thine* is the long-borne sentence.

Holier witness of beam and bird
What eye hath seen? what ear hath heard?
Region fairer hath spirit felt
Than the long gold reach where the mauve
clouds melt?
Sweeter message hath earth to heaven
Than the wall-flower breath of a lane in Devon?

And whatever murmurs or shines or sings
Is blent with the bliss of human things,
With the brown cheek's health, and the dawn-
pure eyes,
Heart-sayings and old-time courtesies,
Octogenarian children plenty,
Never a hard old man of twenty.

Keep your wonder and mystic lore,
But will ye scorn your kind therefor?
Bend your pride till ye understand
The light that *is* on sea and land,
The treasure ye have in vessels earthen;
So bear the heavenly vision's burthen.

THIS magic day is like some gentle child
Gladdening the heart, so innocent and free
It muses on uninterruptedly,
Companioning with murmurs sweet and mild
The grave delight whereby it is beguiled,
Believing there is none to hear or see
Its brooding bliss of insect melody
And busy movements of the forest wild.
Great Spirit, I feel thee, whom I cannot find,
Loving or to be loved, do as I may,
In earthquake, fire, or rushing mighty wind,
Even here where finches trill and squirrels play;
And oh! be never hush'd within my mind
The still small voice of this undying day.

WHY halt ye so with lips apart
And hands and bosoms singled ?
Can heart be separate from heart
When mutual eyes are mingled ?
The hour is not yet overpast,
Oh gentle youth and maiden,
The year hails lovers to the last
Though worn and heavy-laden.

It is the time when death to be
Is baulk'd with life more ample,
And both admonish you and me
To better that example,
While balmy airs are blithe adown
The vale they soon shall sob in,
And every mountain has his crown
And every holt its robin.

Ye stand upon the fairest ledge
That rises through the region
And congregates from edge to edge
The heather's rosy legion,

Whence everywhere the watcher sees
No vision more dismaying
Than purple-shadow'd tops of trees
Which Autumn is arraying.

Her softest sky, her fairest morn,
Are bending to beseech you
As ye would be self-pardon'd scorn
What chilly pedants teach you;
The cavern air where dotage delves
To nourish years declining
Let such solicit for themselves,
Taste ye the noon-day shining.

Shall money-wort and lady's tress
Breed discord in your fancies?
Love not, love not in idleness,
Misreading your wild pansies;
Your sickle-herb and self-heal bind
Twin themes to one bright blossom,
And so may ye your anguish find
And ease in either bosom.

Adieu

LISTEN, the cosmic whispers' sweep,
The Mother stirring in her sleep,
And all this land of sun and streams
Soon will be leaping from its dreams,
And she herself alight once more
From inmost kernel to colure,
While in these rathest weeks is seen
A daily commerce waged between
The sunshine and the meadow-fog,
A duel,—then a duologue,—
A bondage bright of two in one—
And last a rapturous unison.

The infant dawn, the ancient dew,
Only the old is always new;
Only the fair earth child-birth-laden
Is ever the immaculate maiden;
These breaths and tints and traceries hoar,
Were such things ever born before?

Whose was the heresy that told
That such things ever have grown old?
Rather the young-reputed lose
A frost that fetter'd thoughts and thews,
Rather the old-reputed grow
Young as a million years ago.

The years stand still, and so we two
Stand face to face to say adieu
And say it not. From day to day,
Though time is here, it will not stay,
And is to us as that loud flow
Of billows in the vale below
Half vassal and half ruler is
To these green hills' intricacies.

Here where on our last ledge we stand,
With eye on eye and hand in hand,
What else is there to see or tell
Beside the seal'd untellable?
Here are the heights the lizard makes
His playing fields, where glancing snakes
Still rustle on a harmless search,
And summer-startled fay-flies perch,
Since into March with one fierce stride
Full summer springs in all his pride;

And giant dragon-flies that soar
With clash of arms across the moor
Dive from the precipice and sail
Over the intervening vale,
Whose broken features here enact
A vast rough-rigid cataract
Of ruinous cliffs that shun to leap,
As charm'd into a magic sleep,
Veining with rocky rift and bar
Its green lawns perpendicular,
With starry celandines at breast
And many a creeper-guarded nest.

Full fathom five a red-breast glee
Forth gushes from the ivy-tree,
Proud of himself, his plotted brood,
And his audacious altitude,
Full fathom fifty, see! the sphere
Of leaping trout and kingfisher,
And radiant billows brown and blue
And crystal-clear that ever drew
From pebbles smooth the joyous tone
Of innocent children, and anon
Deep 'cello accents which were Teign's
Before men heard of violins,
But such as those Amatis three,

Foreboding them in phantasy,
Prepared the wood, the gum, the string
In the sole hope of compassing,
And compass'd them.
Whate'er is new,
The time is come to say adieu;
One thing is old—whate'er is best
Fades soonest. Silence is the rest.

Revelation

IT seem'd a day of blackbirds, as one knows
In middle April when the frosts are slain
With celandine and after nights of rain
A morning gust of glittering incense blows ;
Into its stream those echoing stanzas rose,
One after one, again and yet again,
Like and unlike as any blossoms twain
On any single shoot the orchard shows.
Then with slow stealth there seem'd to gush in me
Primordial adeptship, until I grew
Familiar with a vast antiquity,
The very breath the pastoral singers drew
And all their singing savours of, and knew
That death nor was, nor is, nor is to be.

III

SOFT secret to herself and all men, there
She stands, adorably irresolute
What joy to seek, to shrink from what pursuit;
Oh beauteous land of promise, proud and fair,
Flowing with milk and honey, yet unaware
Thy boundaries reach'd and eager gazes mute
Piercing them of rude aliens that dispute
Thy maiden rights and seek thee for their share!
Not therefore to thy white dawn-wilder'd soul,
Though this were offer'd, would I come as king,
Plucking to-day the promise of to-morrow;
Nay, if I might, I would as soon control
The sweet pre-occupation of the spring
And bid it cease for my peculiar sorrow.

Aileen

HAPPY the eyes which hers one day
Shall look shy love into ;
Innocent, gay, and clear are they
With laughter leaping through ;
But when the shadow of love is there
They will be more than earthly fair.

Happy the heart which hers shall deem
The worthiest to partake
The delicate gleam of its first dream
When passion's dawn shall break
With warmer tenderer light than fills
The haze above the eastern hills.

Happy the soul which hers shall choose
To lay its sorrows on,
Till, as dawn's dews and beams confuse,
That soul and hers be one ;
One radiant union of azure day
From a world of shades flown far away.

O INNOCENCE, not any word
In any tongue is sweet as this;
Like soft eyes of a little bird,
Like faint perfume of hedge-roses;
The fondest memories ever found
Belong to this belovèd sound.

Of happinesses old and far
It is the dear reviving cause;
It is a tale of what you are
Reminding me of what I was;
Oh, Aileen, could I know but when
I shall meet Innocence again!

When Innocence from heaven comes down
To teach her ancient truths anew,
Seeing the hearts that were her own
Forget the way and miss the clue,
She will seek out a form and face
To be to her a dwelling place.

Divine serenity will shape
The milky brow which she will choose,
And very love endow and drape
Her cheek with his auroral hues;
The balmiest meadow-sighs will come
And make her beating breast their home.

Her hair, a glossy auburn tide,
Will ripple round that brow of milk;
Her deep blue eyes will darken wide
Behind long lashes soft as silk;
And in their glance will ever be
A grave and sweet sincerity.

To seal those features' deep design
A proud self-honour will descend;
And genius his elusive line
And uncontroll'd irradiance blend
With promises more strange than hope
May dare foreshadow in its scope.

Between her young mouth's sever'd bloom
A bright benignity will steal;
And her harmonious limbs assume
The curves that Parian cliffs conceal;[3]
And in this guise she will reclaim
The youths and maidens from their shame.

Look at the picture! What is this?
The curves—the tints—I know so well!
Whose is the faint smile's emphasis?
Aileen alone could never tell;
She does not guess the picture bears
The semblance Aileen always wears.

HOW sweetly does her velvet voice caress
Silence to death, till silence seems a thing
Which loves the death it dies of, and would bless
That spell which should prolong the perishing!
How sweetly do her fairy colours quench
The sullen malice of the darkest day,
Till dour dejection's veteran vanguard blench,
And envy's stubborn frost is burnt away!
How sweetly do her magic motions flee,
Like stars along un-predetermined skies,
Or footfalls in an untrod harmony,
Enchanting forth a perfect-rich surprise,
And frame no pause and wear no emphasis
My heart would image other than it is!

A Bluebell

THE flower had knowledge of thee, maiden,
Ere I beheld the bluer deeps
Of thy dark eyes with glamour laden,
Thy young breast where passion sleeps ;
The flower first struggled to withstand
The clasp of thy light hand.

Upon a seaside ledge it dwelt
Among the wind-flowers of a wood ;
Blithe weeks had flown before it felt
Thy sweet cool clasp, and understood
How fatal tenderness can be,
How loving cruelty.

It half repents me that I stole
That dewy comrade from thy sway ;
It pined not for a new control
And thou hadst nursed it night and day ;
To me it but avails to tell
Who pluck'd my heart as well.

MADE to be loved in every stir
And posture of the pretty head,
In every thought that alters her,
In each oblivion born instead
To make her lovelier.

Those subtle-shaded glances bid
Dry hearts drink up their lucid dew;
In wreathèd lip and drooping lid
There were a cause to love her too,
Though all the angels chid.

Foreshadower! Comest thou again?
Cumæan Sibyl, thou whose wares,
Dim oracles of bliss or bane,
Quick hopes transmuted from despairs,
Wax precious as they wane?

How oft soever thou may'st come,
Howe'er usurious and late

Thine offer, not creation's sum
  Of boons were better than to wait
Thy veil'd chresterium.

Ah, sweet face—never to be mine?—
  So wash'd serene in matin dews;
What other blooms of earth combine
  Such fresh, cool consonance of hues
And curves of fluent line?

In all the wide world where is he
  Who shall deserve to call it his?
O yet, however that may be,
  How much too beautiful it is
To wither on the tree!

Those emissary spells for aye
  Descend upon me, smile by smile,
The half-caress of yesterday,
  The soften'd tones' unconscious wile,
My heart will hoard away.

Why do I so abhor all ease,
  To make my heart's abiding place
With evergoading memories
  Of tone and touch and flower-like face,
And dream and dream on these?

And there are stayings of the hand,
  And trancèd hushes, as to hear
Surging from some remoter land
  Faint summonses the inward ear
Must pray to understand.

And moods like lull'd and luminous hours
  That an August morn foretells
With lingering breaths of dying showers
  And dainty-opening pimpernels
And azure speedwell flowers.

And waves of swift ambiguous gleam
  That sweep o'er brow and cheek and eyes,
Till flesh all one with spirit seem,
  Thrilling the heart with rapt surmise
Of their indwelling dream.

Oh, not for nothing have they stored
  Love in this corroded trunk,
Like the wild bee's honey-hoard,
  Seed in tears of Isis sunk ;
So be well assured.

Homily

LOOK Yonder, where I point,
At the little green descent,
Where the brooklet's elbow-joint
To the reedy bank is bent;
On the north the walnut-grove,
To the south the cedar row,
The jacinth hills above
And the sapphire lake below.

What a radiant robe it seems
To be dignified withal!
What ambrosia-filmèd gleams
Of impending summer-fall!
How liberal it looks
Of glad scents and sounds at once,
A voice, which is the brook's,
And a breath—the August sun's!

How the lake within the wood,
And the wood within the beam
Of the misty mountains brood,
Like dreams within a dream!

How an outer dream is cast,
And the dewy furnace fann'd,
By soft shadows of the past,
Ancient legends of the land!

Dear child of love's delight,
What is it you behold
With those deeper eyes than night
And those gladder locks than gold?
Is yonder slope more dear
Through a purple mile of mist
Than the lawny vistas here
Where you loiter as you list?

Could your feet be planted now
On the little fair expanse,
Half its tender grace would bow
To illusions' ordinance;
Half the light wherein it lies
Would recede as you should come,
Half the splendour you surmise
Be reflected on your home.

Then, Aileen, turn away
Your soft eyes' too eager glow
From the sorceries that betray
To the truthful haunts you know

So may heaven still guide your feet
  Whence the world's sad mockeries are
Of the distant always sweet
  And the sweet for ever far.

* * * * *

Nay, you know, for all I preach,
  You are right—and I were wrong
Did I hold the creed I teach,
  Thrusting sermon into song;—
Had my wits been left abroach?
  Is my soul in a decline?
Nay, remit that mute reproach,
  No such heresy is mine.

There be rival cults forsooth
  With apostolates full meet?
All the worldly tongues are truth?
  All the heavenly voice deceit?
Though the whole earth seek reply
  "Which is real?—Which is wraith?"
We regard not, you and I,
  We have kept the fairy faith.

Not the clamorous, not the near,
  But the mystery and the mist
Clothe the message to the seer,
  Loose the eyes the gods have kiss'd;

In the gloaming's faded flush
Dwells the gleam that never dies,
On the far side of the hush
Peal the notes of Paradise.

LILY of youth, retrievable when lost
Not by the whole soul's cost!
A little, little while vouchsafed to be,
And fragile fearfully!

Whose soul's invisible odour and whose flesh,
Seen radiant, pure and fresh,
Not more dispute the path than scent and hue
Of dingle-lilies do!

Leave not my forehead, angel emblem wet
With sap of sunrise yet!
Bloom to the end; nor baulk my burning will
To wear thee worthy still!

There is a tale, which if my tongue should tell,
My heart I dread too well,
Must banish me from those belovèd eyes
Which are my paradise.

There is a glen of most portentous frown
Whose rough slopes up and down
And in its pools the marsh-flowers climb and wade,
Like children unafraid.

All the familiar and much-loved are there,
The crimson wilding tare,
The yellow cow-wheat, and pale woodruff bloom
Hoarding the hayfield fume;

Nettles benign, and lovelier than ye think,
Silver and gold and pink,
White campion, purple orchis, eyebright[4] blue,
And dainty cranesbill crew.

And ever from dark dome and ruddy plinth
Its trees of terebinth
From rocking rim to hush'd recesses pour
Their solemn odorous roar.

I led her once through that romantic glen.
She could not know it then.
Eve on her birthday might have understood
More evil and less good.

With mouth and eyes and hair I watch'd all day
The windy sunshine play,
A dazzling Proteus shifting shapes of gold
And fresh hues manifold.

We listen'd to the birds that trill'd and trill'd,
Though starry twilight fill'd,
Because there comes to May no faltering mood,
To love no lassitude.

—They were but spirit-forms of sun and dew
Re-blent in vessels new,
That pour'd again upon our souls in these
Fresh foliage-melodies.—

Like eavesdroppers we stood and overheard
The brook's most secret word,
With haste-delay and vivid-various speech
Warbling to his green beach.

She murmur'd too of birds and brook and grass,
The deep luxuriant mass
Wherewith the bounteous spring-tide overwhelms
Moss'd oaks and lichen'd elms;

And reveries arcane attemper'd she
To childish love and glee;
Would memory were of that romantic glen
Undying denizen!

She knew not then. And knows she now?
Ah, yes;
Albeit no tongue confess;
No eyes could be so dull, no heart so slow,
As not to let her know.

ONLY I love her, that is all,
Though naught be said or done
To lift the mind's long-suffer'd thrall,
The heart's disherison,
The bondage of the pregnant mood
That cannot bear the birth it would.

So white she is I cannot say
What lustres interfuse
In her sweet soul-and-body's ray
Their servient heats and hues,
Yet deep-dyed passions feed, I know,
The fire of that ethereal snow.

So hidden is she as the spell
About the pine-wind's path;
So radiant as the chords that tell
What soul the sun-bow hath;
Elusive alway of the quest;
From everlasting manifest.

Frail, of the flesh, and all disown'd
  Of the eternal force,
This palsy of the mute bemoan'd,
  This barren brain's remorse,
These fiery tears that do not fall,
Only I love her, that is all.

IT is the sweetest day I ever knew.
In this close bower where honeysuckles blow
And red-breasts warble, I have watch'd it glow
From the transfiguration of the dew,
The young gold hazes, till the noon-heat drew
Their spirit from the pine-woods, and the slow
Noon-breezes bore all hoverers to and fro
And all was good and pure beneath the blue.
And I must watch and mourn until the even
And still be restless and unsatisfied,
And still be searching for I know not what,
For all day long it seems that very heaven
Is compassing me round on every side,
I yearn and struggle but can enter not.

THE fabled wanderer who could never die
Having no hope in truth was very dead;
'Tis we, from hoping still unrespited,
For whom the months and years yet prophesy
The blissful tales they purpose to belie;
'Tis we who, bound in that arch-victim's stead,
And daily worn with fluctuant dreams and dread,
Dying are link'd to life perpetually.
But give me back—oh death, where is thy sting?—
One moment I recall from out the past,
Where round two heads the early-roaming spring
Weaves voice and hue and breath of April fast,
Whence give me right and hope once more to wring
A different destiny or cease at last.

JUST here,—you have forgot—
In this wild orchard plot,
At May's and April's wedding
We parted, you and I!
But I remember well
Just so the sunbeams fell,
Just so yon bullace shedding
White blossoms leant awry.

Just so in one were blent
Vague sound and fitful scent,
The waywood cuckoo nearing,
High lark, and hidden coot
Troubling the distant sedge,
The glossy ivy hedge,
With lilac over-peering
And orchises at foot.

And softly swam just so
Through noontide's after-glow
The rookery's mellow chorus,
So humm'd the cowslip mead,

So hover'd such remote
Pure clouds as seem to float
  Huge depths behind Arcturus
    And stunt his awful speed.

Just so of your fair head
The deep-hued day nigh sped
  More glory seem'd to borrow
    Than all his wealth could lend,
And in such gorgeous mien,
Just so he stood between
  Imperial pomp and sorrow
    That there his reign must end.

And many a thrush began,
With those clear calls that fan
  Day's fever from the gloaming,
    To thrill the glade afar,
And our lull'd spirits quaff'd
That strange delicious draught
  Beneath the hush'd vault doming
    Song, trance, and evening star.

From pink to grey the skies,
From grey to black your eyes,—
  The mystic bond betwixt them
    More clear and urgent grown—

Changed as the twilight dim
Usurp'd the splendour's rim
  With orient shade, and mix'd them
    O'er starry fields new-sown;

Till eve deliver'd loth
To beetle, bat, and moth,
  And every shy day-sleeper
    The bird-abandon'd sky,
And following these there flew
Day-sleeping odours too
  From honey'd stalk and creeper
    And tangled shrubbery.

So then it sank away,
My spring-tide's latest day;
  With what last word you left me,
    With what veil'd look you smiled,
I know not, look and word
Inextricably blurr'd,
  As some fierce bolt had cleft me
    Or some dark drug beguiled.

Perchance about you burn'd
Some effluence undiscern'd,
  The soul's vague labyrinths steeping,
    Of thoughts you could not know,

Thoughts that to me come back
By love's relinquish'd track
With unaccustom'd weeping
And tears like long ago.

Ah! child, look not averse
If memories I rehearse
Of time too long past over
To reap resentment now,
Nor doubt my heart's decree
Which then determined me
Unmeet to be your lover
Or vex you with a vow.

See! I can stand and note,
As from a world remote
Of disembodied spirits,
The sweet and perish'd past,
Or as, its wrecks amid,
Protesilaus did,
Since passion disinherits
The steadfast soul at last.

Ah stay! look up! forgive
Wild phrases fugitive
That rashly burst their cerements
To desecrate your bliss!

For me the fates can weave
One grief—to see you grieve;
  Be yours all life's endearments
    But shed no tear for this!

Nay, Love! it cannot be?
You share the destiny?
  The joy, the sorrow in it?
    The soft heart these evince?
Just as in this wild glade
My love was born and made,
  Took root in one sweet minute,
    And has not wither'd since?

To think that all this while,
Unbeacon'd by one smile,
  Unguess'd across the distance,
    Unspoken face to face,
A want like mine could hide
Beneath that look of pride,
  And draw a like subsistence
    From that same time and place!

I had not shed a tear
For many a lonely year,
  While pains had been too many
    And ecstasies too few,

Nor thought to weep again
For ecstasy or pain
  Devised for me by any,
    And least of all by you.

New as a drought-sick isle
My soul is in your smile,
  When ocean-clouds bring near it,
    To bid its lives rejoice,
Wild winds and odorous rains
That swell the valley's veins,
  Awake the valley's spirit,
    And thrill the valley's voice.

But see! the rich light floats!
But hark! the sweet wild notes!
  The thrush repeats his carol,
    The bat renews her flight,
Twilight descends again,
The stars may wax or wane,
  But all our soul's apparel
    Is everlasting light.

Lips

(*The South-West Wind*)

τάς μοι ἁπάσας
Λὶψ κόμαρον τρωγοῖσας ἀπὸ σκοπιᾶς ἐτίναξε.
THEOC. ID. ix. 10—11.

ON a day when first to me
That soft voice of Sicily
Told thy name, and in thy flight
Swept me downward from the height
The slow-moving cluster'd herd,
Browsing the serene-flower'd
Spoil of the arbutus-slope,
I recall there came a hope,
Baffled but renew'd again,
And into my boyish brain
Where the unborn visions slept
Uncouth connotations crept
From the clash of meanings rung
'Twixt the dead and living tongue,
And a faint foreknowledge well'd
Of a being half beheld

Through thy landscape dim-defined
On the background of the mind,
Whence I came on the unknown
Knowledge that I stood alone
At her portal who is fain
To be sued by suppliants twain ;
That fair landscape's forcing heat
Me immersed from head to feet ;
That soft message west by south
Seemed the breath of one sweet mouth,
And thy name's red inquiline [5]
Laid its luscious bloom on mine.

Such elapse as Autumn needs
To mature her pregnant seeds
And unlock their captive strength,
Measured then its order'd length,
Ere that minute's procreänt aim
To the fated issue came,
In a land that Sorrow chose
For a music to her woes
And Romance inspires to be
Inmost shrine of ecstasy,
Where sky-loving pool and foss
And fair-flowering bog and moss
Fold them in their forest-skirt,

And the forest green is girt
By the azure-lustrous air
Mountain-lock'd horizons wear,
And the mountains are insphered
With primordial legend weird
Steel'd to uninitiate probe,
And for all, as outer robe,
Ever-changing heavens that press
Forth to the dimensionless,
Till each cincturing zone might seem
Like a dream within a dream.

There once more thou wast a-flight
With the green leaf-filter'd light,
And the far melodious ring
Of the timber-quarrying,
And the meadow-music sweet,
Silver trill and choral bleat,
Poignant breath of warm hedge-row,
Red larch-rain and bullace-snow;
There, albeit the galingale
Knew not Himera's brook and vale,
Nor the woodland's sappy juice
Smack'd like that of Syracuse,
Nor to Arethusa's sward
Caroll'd that high lark or pour'd

Cushat his long-drawn lament,
Nor those dulcet ouzels blent
Their unbarterable staves
With the sound of Acis' waves,
There those lips awaited me
Prisoners to the prophecy.

Passion-shaped, geranium-hued,
Youth-exhaling, dawn-bedew'd,
Cunningly conform'd to kiss,
Baffling all analysis
Of meanings other lips betray,
So diversely dear are they,
So inscrutably allied
To simplicity and pride,
So bewilderingly akin
To mirth—and innocence—and sin,—
Such as impious priests impute
To all gatherers of life's fruit,
Foraging in God's domain
For a little ease from pain,
Since, deem they, He set apart
Peace and joy to His own heart,
But for man hath justly made
Thirst and famine till he fade
In the desert where he delves;

Wherefore He those priests themselves
Delegated for good cause
Guardians of his trespass-laws.

O thou wild and wandering wraith,
Shy third person of my faith,
Whose unclarion'd comings were
Once and yet again so dear;
Of all goodness meant for me
Still the pick'd forerunner be;
Whatsoever voice be dumb,
Still for many a year to come
Whisperings be about thy path
Of the warm Sicilian strath,
And the sparkling waves between,
And the western isle serene,
And the maid whose lips and eyes
Seem thy voice to visualize;
Land and sea and night and day,
Let me still go down the way
Singing ever, under-breath,
Close as love and still as death,
Singing in my low degree,
My divine obscurity,
Singing as the mighty sung
"O my love, my love is young."

THE Thracian sage that he might see the better,
It is reported, put out both his eyes,
Deeming the spirit cramp'd as with a fetter
By all the glad disclosure of the skies.
When I one vision saw I scarce could think;
When I one whisper heard I could not see;
When I one seraph touch'd upon death's brink
All senses else dissolved confusedly.
Which angel empery would he surrender,
Could he aspire to such a plane as love?
Fair colour? warm white person? utterance tender?
And which engross by sacrifice thereof?
Let me through each discern her soul, and thus
Eclipse the counsel of Democritus.

May Day

RISE and welcome back with me
Maia's birthday, Aiolè;
Ere a diamond speck be lost
Of such cypher as the frost
Round thy lattice flame hath written;
Eden opens, all is well,
Winter like a demon fell
By the blithe archangel smitten.

Yet ere winter shall be slain
He must render back again
Every tone and subtle scent,
Look, and sweet emotion pent
In his chaste and silent prison;
While each sense grows keen and free
With voluptuous sympathy
For those raptures newly risen.

Lo! the black pine-trunks between
Maia's pearly pomp is seen
In this hour of many years;
While the hillward herdsman hears

Jocund and aërial hymning;
And the valley surges up
Like a deep ambrosial cup
With bright opal spray o'er-brimming.

Come with me, with me alone,
Let us make her pomp our own,
Ere by track or twinkling waste
Other vestige hath been traced
O'er the dew those rime-rays merge in;
While, like talismanic ray,
Her young rumour rims the day,
And like her the day is virgin.

For to-day returneth she
With a new virginity,
As the god had mingled not
In the dim arcadian grot
With the lily-breasted maiden;
And all hearts that hope can rouse
Join her banquet under boughs
Legend-blown and incense-laden.

Still with wreaths our youth is deck'd,
Still we crown our queen elect,
And, though ancient legends warn,
Still on this auspicious morn

Lovers haunt the wishing-wicket;
Happy runners of sweet risks
Whom those blossomy obelisks
Beacon from the chestnut thicket.

What was that which made old ways
More delicious than to-day's?
What new-born unlovely want
Makes our world less jubilant
Than the world of Pan and Chloris?
And the regions where we are
Less renownèd, less a-star
With divine and tender stories?

Drearier were the world, I trow,
Had not Iris bent her bow;
Had not Tethys on mute seas
Launch'd her Oceanides,
Glittering voice of many waters;
Zeus, unmindful of a spouse,
Paid the fond adulterous vows
Own'd in those Idalian daughters.

Pain had whelm'd a wider sphere
Had not Dian clasped her dear;
Had not that perennial bliss
Been vouchsafed to Salmacis;

Echo lack'd her cold undoer;
Zephyr been more maladroit
In the casting of a quoit
Than in suasion of a woer.

Not too lovely, not too late
Is the Epiphany I await?
Rather grown secure to me
'Quia impossibilè'
Gracious more the more unwonted;
By no doubt of mine at least
In this radiance of her feast
Shall the star-nymph be affronted.

Daughter whom the dearest isle
Bore to the eternal smile
With wet lashes, not to us
Is that orchard fabulous
Who now pluck its visions golden,
Whom no misread longitude
Severs from the living good
Ears have heard and eyes beholden.

Come and let us find in thee
Rainbow-haunted Aiolé,
A reflected youth to fill
All the land with marvel still,

Come, and let what will come after,
But to-day shall live again
Arcady's extinguish'd reign
In thy happy looks and laughter.

While I love thee, can there cling
Pain to aught the years can bring?
As the procreänt future wrought,
Like the lodestone's master-thought,
That thy breath with mine is playing,
Let the past that is to come
When the present speech is dumb
Speak to this—we two went maying.

ALL things admonish, dear, but one,
One that is more than all,
The sovereignty that fired the sun
And stays his worlds in thrall ;

And on this favourite of their band
Ordains to lie at rest
The hand whose home is in my hand
The head upon my breast.

THIS combe whose copse in old days hid
Others as us this day it did,
While to its grassy twisting stairs
Long generations of sweet airs
Built hazel corridors, and set
A honeysuckle parapet;

Its little brook's melodious lapse
And web of frondage that entraps
The footsteps and the heart of spring,
And lulls his eye, and furls his wing,
Assuaging by some wizard stress
Even the haste of happiness;

Were it not wizardry to tell
Merely the murmur and the smell;
Merely the whisp ering that weaves
Dream of the warmth within the leaves;
Merely the sifted sunlight strown
On tremulous wave and mossy stone?

BEAUTY is that inalienable sphere
Thou holdest as a star fulfilleth his;
Thither in the beginning, from the fear
Of this vain world and all that therein is,
Love relegated thee beyond recall,
Nor, though thou supplicate, shall he relent,
Nor grant thee degradation, nor at all
Concede remission of that banishment;
Therefore do thou, seeing he himself bestow'd
The realm, the power, the sceptre, and the chrism,
Award the wealth of that august abode,
Serene above all storms' antagonism,
Still watchful, since the whole world is thy guest,
Lest favouring one thou ruin all the rest.

A BIRD might shelter in the sea
Could it but conjure there
With bright subaqueous fern and tree
Its forest atmosphere.

Fishes had harbour'd in the woods
Could they but thither have
Their native element that broods
Beneath the sliding wave.

And see the red flames' leaping strife!
I hold it to be true
It has its forms of sentient life
As other dwellings do.

You are my element, and I,
So that should with me dwell,
Could breathe the ocean, drink the sky,
And take mine ease in hell.

O LOVE, being thine, I do beseech that thou
Wilt spare thy misdeserving to aver;
Let not the deity abash her brow
Before her most devout idolater;
Or dost thou feel true love will disallow
Cold reason (should it haply see thee err),
Nor e'er descend from his exalted vow
To commune with that idle questioner?
O Love, be sure of it, believe indeed
That when the powers unknown together brought
The elements of my being, they decreed
My faith to be thy perfectness, and wrought
Into my soul, its very pulse and pith,
The absolving passion I adore thee with.

LAST year, ere yet the forest flocks
Were scatter'd by the equinox,
Asleep on one of those warm days
That fill the land with hyacinth haze
I dream'd a pledge that we should meet
When hawthorn days and dells were sweet.

Authoritative and unlike
Those fleeting phantasies that strike
Across the brain and fade away
With darkness at the break of day,
This dream was more oracular
Than other dreams and omens are.

Something, perhaps, for me to do,
Some rite there was, some deference due
To the proud sun's new-enter'd sign,
Whereof unmeant default was mine,
That disobedient I should be
Unto that vision heavenly?

But winter pass'd, and jocund spring,
With bees and birds and blossoming,
Summer is over now and, seen
Against the far hills' haggard green,
Each berry-laden leafless thorn
Looks like a rosy cloud of dawn.

Last night I dream'd the pledge again
And woke disburthen'd of my pain,
The haze re-seeks the heather-slopes
And I renew my vanish'd hopes,
Oh Aileen, join your will with me
To vindicate the prophecy.

From the Hill-top

FROM the hill-top I behold
Seven receding lanes
Wind through valleys green and gold
Into purple plains;
Six of these less lovely seem;
Only one
Wears the immemorial gleam
In the sun.

See the six I love less well,
Fair on every side;
Where does honeysuckle's swell
Reach a higher tide?
Is there where the dayspring pours
Dewier din?
Are there more enticing lures
Than they win?

See the one I love too much!
Not for thee has Love
Set it with a sorcerer's touch
Other paths above.
Marks for me its mountain-belt
One green plot
Where alas! the light that dwelt
Dwelleth not.

Do you remember?

DO you remember one pure day we went
Aslant the wheatfield valley-wards to seek
Yon sunset-linkèd range of woody peak
And upland by the rosy distance blent,
And felt the yellow-hammer's strange lament,
The moist wood-scents, and sweet hues dying meek
On cloud and tree, so magically speak
The spirit of the season's whole intent?
Remember it, I pray you, for my sake;
To me it is a trump whose echoes keep
The wan air tingling crimson though it make
But prelude to acclaim more mild and deep;
And what to you? A dream which will not break
Or stain the silence of your lightest sleep.

IT cannot be that into the great deep
On every side illimitably spread
The sighs I breathe, the bitter tears I weep
Must sink for ever unretributed;
That not one cry forlorn shall reach its goal
To bid an answering throb within thee wake;
Not one emotion of thy gentle soul
Requite my faithful reveries for thy sake.
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise;
So sang majestic Milton in the glow
Of heavenly vision, and his sacred eyes
Beheld the hidden pathway spirits know;
And surely by such avenue divine
My emissary dreams have mix'd with thine.

TO look up now from where I sit
Above the valley, watching it,
Dipping my soul into the dream
Of its elysian vapour-gleam,
And listening the pellucid cries
Which haunt the lake it fortifies,
To stir my feet in the stubble-weeds,
Sere poppies dropping ebon seeds,
Old groundsels with dishevell'd fluff,
Pansy and pimpernel, enough
To bring my weary head half round
And solve the mystery of a sound
As of faint footing on the lawn
And eager breathing lightly drawn,
Then see your dear dark eyes look down
Beneath the little curious frown
You always wear for others' woes,
And feel your soft young arm enclose
My neck with pitying love of me—
O heart, dear heart, that this might be!

Synaphè

THAT point toward the upper heaven
Wherein my presaged path and yours
Are one, and your ethereal leaven
Through this my desert exile pours,
Well may I make my mind's abode
And reckon my ascending node.

I thought on these three things to-day—
The splendid process of the skies—
The quick green earth's out-rushing ray—
The stubborn drift of social lies,
Sunk, dearest, like some dire ravine,
Our alienated lots between.

And these three things, a triple strand,
Led me, as never magnet led,
To one imperious boon's demand,
The loveliness of being dead,
Lost in that other loveliness,
Dying, to pluck you from distress.

O that is past. I seek again
The threshold both have often trod,
Which ever on the blessèd plane
Restores at each due period
The point wherein my path and yours
Are one while destiny endures.

I WATCH'D your white robe twinkling far
Across a mile of sultry mist
Ascend the hillside like a star
That scales a heaven of amethyst,
Till where those topmost coverts are
Its ivied firs and bramble twist,
As such a star may reach a cloud,
You enter'd their immersing shroud.

You trod into the outer brake
And pierced the coppice dim and cool
Whose bird-abounding arches make
The farther valley's vestibule;
"These eyes," I said, "shall soon o'ertake
"Or in the deep day's purple lull
"Her frequent melody will guide
"My urgent seeking to her side."

I listen'd for you high and low,
Your voice was silent in the wood;
The meadows where the sainfoins blow,
The forest outlet where we stood

Alone in yester evening's glow
Were void of you ; my feet pursued
Through many a pleasance which allures
The light impetuous print of yours.

The glamour of the dawn had drown'd
The foliage in its liquid spells ;
Clear ouzel notes dilated round ;
The air was rich with summer smells ;
My ears were starved for other sound,
My sense athirst for something else ;
My whole soul sick for comforting
And aid which only yours could bring.

My swift and eager footsteps fled
From morn to mid-day, and beyond
The valley whose dark bosom shed
A quivering sheen of diamond
On sombre boughs and pale and red
That skirt the crystal halcyon pond,
Whence up a winding slope I found
A hidden space of holy ground.

How bright it was and tranquil there !
For there you brooded on the fruit
Of your pure spirit, and everywhere
The heavens were clear, the breezes mute ;

The life of water, earth, and air
Held silence, wave and wing and foot,
As round the brooding halcyon
The elements all have ever done.

I had not come for love, I deem'd,
Or joy that human passions make,
Or expectations ever dream'd
And wither'd ere the dreamer wake,
Or soothing tears that had not stream'd
On bitter fires they could not slake
And deep dejection join'd within
To shame like the unpardon'd sin.

But solaces I sought from you,
Even such as you were finding then
By right hereditary due
From kindred, wheresoe'r and when
Link'd by the overhanging hue,
Whether the spirits of the glen
Sigh through the forest bright and warm
Or storm reverberate unto storm.

Had I but known the word to say,
Had I but known the deed to do,
My prayer, where all things seem'd to pray,
Had surely not been scorn'd by you;

I look'd, I learn'd, I went my way;
The perfect peace which then I knew
All nature cherish'd for your sake
Should such as I have dared to break?

TO honour thee with lowly heart and eyes,
In weariness and watchings oft, is *this*
Some dire forbidden fruit that prophesies
Eternal exile for a moment's bliss?
Bitter and harsh that fruit has been to me,
Though sweeter than all other boons beside;
Alas! love, I importune not to be
Enfranchised of the warmth where I abide.
Patience a little! see me now but stripp'd
Of those few joys thou lentest me, and gone
For ever into solitude, equipp'd
With hoarded echoes of thy voice alone.
Be this my death to thee, and thou inter
All scorn and hate in my sad sepulchre.

Une Petite Histoire

I

IN old delight
Before we knew
The deep despite
Which fate can do,
We warr'd at first
In happy hour,
Disputing erst
Of star or flower,
Or she extolled the mavis' lay
And I the blackbird's haunting note.

But we would wake
Enjoyments keen
Too sweet to make
Dispute between;
So fair a host
We had as well
Discern'd the most
Desirable

Of the scents that swarm in the sunny day
And make all paradise where they float.

II

What envious power
Of wrath or chance
In what dark hour
Dissolved that trance?
Did death divide
My peace and me?
Ah no, it died
More treacherously
When ardent spring with amorous shade
Had curtain'd up each pastoral hill.

We changed the theme
That youth debates
And heaven's own gleam
Irradiates;
Ere spring had dropp'd
At summer's feet
Our proud hearts stopp'd
Their tranquil beat;
The murmurs which our converse made
Grew faint and fainter, and were still.

III

When the rich zone
Of evening last
Was over-blown
And fading fast
I stood beside
The mounded nook
Which breaks the tide
Of Shadow brook;
My feet were on the very spot
Where she and I were wont to meet.

It was the hour
Which welcomed best
Her beauty's dower
And thoughtful breast;
I kissed the tree
She leant on then;
I shall not see
That scene again;
I could not think she had forgot
A time and place so sad and sweet.

IV

But there in vain
Had Aprils wept,

And snowdrifts lain
And storm-winds swept;
The region fair
Still glimmer'd through
The tones that were,
The gleam I knew;
By vows still beating toward the goal
The temple still was consecrate.

I had the gleam,
I have it yet,
I may blaspheme,
But not forget;
The Lord who sware
Shall He repent,
And un-declare
The word He sent?
His doves descending on the soul
Not God Himself can dis-create.

VAGUE as that elfin glint
Roaming or over-brooding her deep hair,
Which many a pleasèd eye now gains, now misses,
Though still it nestles there,
So now and then a hint,
The faint aroma of a past delight,
Long dreamy peace, glad tears, and happy kisses,
Is vague through all my sense by day and night.

For as the soft air shifts,
And plays with a dying melody far away,
So with that passion and those dead caresses
Remembrance seems to play ;
And all the cancell'd gifts,
The low tones and the deep looks wake and stir,
And other memories are forgetfulnesses
Beside those thrilling embassies of her.

O love! where art thou now?
The warm south wind is breaking round my seat
In divers waves smelling of wood or meadow
Or honeysuckle sweet
(One over-burthen'd bough
Moistens my cheek), or dry light-fumèd hay,
Nor ever from the thicket's cool wet shadow
Broke birds' delight so dearly as to-day.

Yea this fair day that wrings
Its honey from the happy world, and snares
All melody and sunshine in this pleasance,
Seems thine as well as theirs,
For of these blessed things
Each is a living sympathy with thee,
Akin to that sweet element thy presence,
And bids me feel thou art not far from me.

It is the same, the same.
O Memory, working at thy mutinous will,
Are shadows images and echoes only
The compass of thy skill?
Build me the very frame;
From the authentic quarry hew and heap;
And strike the torrent through the desert lonely
Where joy and wonder do not die but sleep.

LOVE,—innocence,—reprieve from pain,—
O when shall these three meet again,—
Who never yet might live apart
For one faint flickering of the heart,
Since innocence is love's one defence,
And love the life of innocence,
And either's exile must decree
For pain a perpetuity—?

A portal among tops of trees,
Encroaching on the mysteries
Of rustlings, rain-drops, and sunbeams,
And paths of winds, and odour-streams,
And sanctuaries twilight finds
When night's ethereal woof unwinds,
And vigils which day-fairies keep
When moon and stars are laid asleep;
Quaint labyrinths which the birds pursue;
Dim secrecies they dive into
By bower-dissembled vestibules,
Where still a tropic murmur rules

And bright noon-flitting nomads go ;
Pure things which solitudes bestow
But all unmeant for man to know ;
A portal whence the spirit glides
Over the pinewood's heaving tides,
Beyond the whispering oaken waves
And shimmering sun-spray, to the caves
Of ecstasy, and dream, and peace,
That seekers find not till they cease.

Dream of the grey tower where it stands,
Live monument of dead brains and hands,
Or lifeless rendezvous beset
By living wills that wrought it yet ;
Ponder it crowning the abyss,
Bold arch and subtle entasis,
Worn tracery, phantom-haunted stair,
And what Titanic northern heir
Of the colossal Roman mind
Its scope conceived and mould design'd !
Whose cunning gave that course its truth ?
Whose chisel here hath flesh'd its tooth ?
What brother of mine with what sure fingers,
Whereof this baulk'd memorial lingers,
That layer of amber marl just so
Set there eight hundred years ago ?

Dead brothers lock'd in the unseen,
It is no myth that they have been,
Endured, and labour'd, and no myth
The senses still we reach them with.
Are they not with me—here—or there,—
Roaming the blossom-scented air,
And foliage-colour'd? Must they keep
The parole of the endless sleep?
Are they eternally forbid
To share the eternal things they did?
Or less remote perhaps than thou,
Maiden of the moonlight brow
And the reveries radiant-eyed,
Dawn-kiss'd pools are dead beside?

Of light and shade, and silver trill
Spring-turbulent or summer-still,
Of centaury, and meadowsweet,
Of cuckoo's mate and cuckoo's meat,[6]
Of cuckoo-pint's May-loosen'd coat,
And June-corrupted cuckoo's note,
Of blooms and blights, and heats and hues,
Of births, and passions, and adieus,
Two years have spilt their avalanche,
Since when thy way became a branch
Of the way that hither brought

Them and their deep-quarried thought,
And they depart not from the midst
Of their well-doing as thou didst.

A hundred weeks have tarnish'd more
Than ever a hundred years before
The tower, the steep, the robing air ;
Surely they are not as they were ;
By night and day the breath and glow
Of heaven indued them then as now,
And thither many a gentle breeze,
Straight from the golden nurseries
That feed with fix'd and wandering flame
The zenith's arctic azure came ;
And rapture sweet as hath been wrought
By melodious aeronaut
When shining airs of Adar pass
Over the crocus-kindled grass ;
But with them was divinely blent
A new mysterious element,
Unrehearsed as yet with those
Which the sage of science knows,
Your prevailing presence dear,
A sweet absorbing atmosphere,
That burst, where'er you stirr'd or stood,
From your very neighbourhood,

Which among the woodland smells
Honeysuckle not excels,
Nor the secret sighs eclipse
Of the sweet-brier's angel lips;
Nor the spicy heath's expanse
With its keen predominance
O'er the landscape is supreme
As the circumambient dream,
Shadowing thee to steep the sense
In delicious redolence.

A hundred weeks!—and they for me
Have fashion'd chains—and set me free—
Free of the cool dim forest ways,
The fells' pink-spotted whortle maze,
And ferny shrubberies that insphere
The sky-cup of the mountain tear—
Free of the windy-bright cascade
Where rattles * leave their ruby shade
And fairy folk their emerald slot—
Chain'd to a time where thou art not.
Blown falls do not a freedom make,
Nor iris airs a prison break;
And I am dungeon-sick! O come
And make this banishment my home.

* See note 2.

COME, well-beloved, come! as from a hill,
Looking athwart the mellow mists that fill
A valley of long landscape-waves between,
One marks the crevice dim of some sweet dell,
The lair of a bright home he knows full well,
On a far slope a-slumber all unseen
Within its orchard-cloud, just where the green
And golden widths of wood and harvest hue
Melt into softest and most fragile blue,
Can you not mark the life you would lead here,
Where every day-time dons a shifting mien
Of sun-encircled quietness, like shades
That glide from tree to tree while through the glades
Flushes the early gloaming of the year?

WHETHER the woodbine along the burn
Its whorl hath open'd of creamy gold
Or flaunt the irises, I would learn;
And more and more would I fain be told
How you fare in the days so long,
Days so rich this close of May
In glow and glimmer and leaf and song,
Dead to me who am torn away?
Ere dawn's tide mounts to the eastern shore,
While the moon-floods deluge the western dale,
Does the lark go up as he did before
Loud and clear with the nightingale?
Is our sad pale primrose-tuft alive
In the meadow-fringe, so late, so lone?
Is there change in the calls of the cuckoos five
We learnt by heart as the days glid on?
In the heart of the season that is so sweet
Does an alien season, divine, remote,

Of unborn passion arise and beat,
To mar the throb in the honey-throat?
What summer will come from what far shore
Ere the lime-tree blossom a new faith weave?
Do not the foxglove and fern allure?
Surely the lilies are hard to leave?
Kind regards to the orchis-lea!
Give my love to the lovely wood!
Kiss your hand to the thrush for me!
Hold your lips to the lilac hood,
The one we paused to clasp and smell
As it droop'd our heads above
From the portal of the dell—
The one I pick'd the sister of
And laid along your shadowy hair!
Fifteen miles with a sou'-west air
O'er the waving meadows a cloud would bring
Breaths and tints that touch'd you there
Then leapt aboard his hurried wing;
Fifteen miles where the long lawns roll
With clover sheeted and lady-smock,
Wild water-gatherers on the knoll,
Warm whin wrapping the heathy rock,
And all things memory-fair, as though
The respiration that all things drew
Were sound and sense of a breath I know

And all their sap of a source with you;
Ah, dear, the phantasies will not aid.
Do I forget to be a man?
Remember rather—is love not made
Of woes that wring as of strength that can?
The star-germ knows of its orb to be,
The earth-shine dwells on the blacken'd moon,
But the birth and the shine that I long to see
I am but dead if I see not soon.

I

BUT to be with you, Aileen, crowd-cinctured or alone,
That can be mine, that must be mine, that is my very own;
These meadows bright with buttercups and honey-feather'd clover
And wash'd with crystal cataracts of wild larks floating over;
The young wood in the valley with its lovely sinuous line,
Its breath and hue of oak and ash and sycamore and pine;
Blue slopes with screen'd aisles interspersed and bramble-hidden springs;
Bird-avenues and quaint tracks of the wild beasts' wanderings;
Oh rapturous adolescence! oh green and golden air!

Five leagues of nature's sorcery and secret
shimmer there
In copse arcane, in smiling face of luscious
dairy-field,
In every melting tint and tear its pasture
fringes yield.
These are the shining distance-veils lest my sad
eyes should see
The magic-gleaming tints and tears of eyes so
sweet to me,
Of answering tones and meeting steps the stern
dividing bars,
These and the sterner interdicts of our earth-
linkèd stars.

II

But to be with you, Aileen, crowd-cinctured
or alone,
That can be mine, that must be mine, that is
my very own ;
The sun goes down in glory and with his glory
paves
The path of gold from thee to me, my meadows
to thy waves,
And breath by breath the distance ebbs, and as
the shadows grow

No borrow'd radiance like the moon's upon
the afterglow
Soars from the gladness out of sight, and
mingles with the loss,
But from the unseen *thou* art drawn as gold
might be from dross.
I will not speak a tongue occult nor tread a
mystic plane,
My passion's mate, my soul's supreme, it is
that I regain;
Lean to me, Aileen, lips and limbs and bosoms
blend and twine,
Before the spasm that sow'd the world sweet
flesh and blood of mine;
No phantom fingers press me, no shining
symbols play,
Renunciation is not, nor abatement, nor delay;
One perfect Presence, Aileen, Love is and Love
alone;
That can be ours, that must be ours, that is
our very own.

IV

The Sunset

THE sun set o'er the walnut tree
That flanks the cedar wood ;
God saw it, and He let me see
And it was very good ;
Like star-twins in the eastern sky
Two plovers twinkled amorously.

And sweet that sunny voice benign
That shook the golden grass,
That glory of the golden kine
That down the way did pass,
And in the way there was no fear
Nor burden in the grasshopper.

What was it? Blight of deed—or word—
One brought me over hill?
The clatter of the horse he spurr'd
I hear receding still.
A dead leaf when the storm is high,
Such rest and life and hope have I.

Not Yet

I

AS March was ebbing from the mead
I pluck'd a little homely weed,
And ask'd her as she went before
What wise proverbial name it bore
In those dear ancient village-lists;
—God save us all from botanists!—

No blossom-splinter but she knew
The tendril to ascribe it to,
The environment wherein it throve,
The legendary spells it wove,
Its kinships in the flowery clans,
Its public worth and private plans.

Deep-skill'd was she in hue and smell,
Yea in the copse's night could tell
What unseen petal there contains
Each several odour, and what veins
Of permeänt dew keep ever fresh
Each blossom's pure and perfect flesh.

I can recall the winsome look
And arch pause as the weed she took ;
" Take it and hoard it safe and dry,
Forget,—remember by and by,—
Then ask the name once more ;—I vow
You will desire it more than now."

She laugh'd, more zephyr-sweet and fair
Than all her treasured wildings were ;
The noblest poet in the land
Had penn'd the pages in my hand ;
I shut the weed among his songs ;
Reward to whom reward belongs !

II

To-day is April-eve once more ;
Interrogate thy book-shelves' store
If aught selected from the whole
Be least a mockery to thy soul !
Something must be essay'd or read ;
The snow is falling ;—she is dead.

Science, philosophy and verse,
Can ye repeal fate's lightest curse ?
Sing, Shelley, with thine heavenly chrism !
Yield, Schopenhauer, thy stoicism !

Grim Burton! hast no help for me
In all thy dark astrology?

Which is the little book in blue?
I ought to know. Come! out with you!
Forget *you?* — Strange! — But how? and
whence?
On this bleak day o'er soul and sense,
Like wholesome trance o'er fever'd sleep,
The spices of the hay-time creep!

Ah, dead sweet wrack, recover'd late!
Thy death so sweet? and must I wait?
Well has her bidding been begun!
Alas, for what remains undone!
Obedience first, and now my claim
To solve the mystery of the name!

The schoolgirls pass to pelt and slide;
'Tis but to throw the window wide;
One question, and the name were known!
No, no, 'tis she, 'tis she alone
Must tell it,—Gracious God! ah when?
I do desire it more than then.

A Child's Thought

LITTLE lovely bud new-seen,
Lit with gold, lush with green,
Shaded fair as nectarine!

His new sunshine, and young rain
God to thee, for His gain,
Lends—to borrow thence again.

Good and faithful services,
They are thine—they are His;
Peace is where the faithful is.

To thee slumbering in thy pod
Far skies blow, huge hills nod
Peace—for being good to God.

Once More

THE wide sphere flames, a willing sacrifice!
Ah! lovely chasm of colours, fold on fold,
So many times so eloquently told!
Ye pearly-jasper rainbow-quelling skies!
Still must the spirit vainly plagiarize,
Still pay to the Unpraiseable that old
Superfluous homage, yet the while consoled,
As one who feels Jehovah justifies!
Of this His garment so we kiss the hem,
Seeing no more within its dazzling woof
Zydonian Ashtoreth, or Aphrodité,
Nor church nor creed nor rite supplanting them,
Alone and hush'd beneath the Infinite roof,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!

SHE sees the young year overjoy'd,
Behind her is it vista'd green,
To her all visible things are void
Immersed in that which is not seen;
Sweet odours and low sounds unveil
A prophecy that will not fail.

Like kisses on her forehead fair
Eve's wingèd warmths descend and die,
And soft caresses in her hair
Vibrate her blood voluptuously;
Her well-belovèd dead, she knows,
Persuade her to their own repose.

To Two

FAREWELL! farewell our week that dies
to-day,
Placid and fresh and clear as it began!
Balmy oasis by the caravan
Once more relinquish'd for the desert way!
Adieu sweet orchard voices! blackbirds' lay,
Thrush, cuckoo, chaffinch, all the warbling
clan!
Dear God-in-earth whom here the God-in-
man
Hath lit with kindlier love's intenser ray!
An ancient harmony—yet always new—
And as the new dawn vivid—which upleaps
As vivid still, though in its breath of dew
We rise and wash us from a million sleeps,
Forest and field and sunshine sweeping through,
And man who worships and the worm that
creeps.

THAT busy loveliness was like a hive
Of gleams, and wingèd strains, and lull'd appeals,
That float forth all athirst for love, and dive
Into all hearts, each blessing where it steals ;
Instinctive, unaware, and unbeholden,
As plumèd go-betweens that scour the glade,
Pitching pavilions purple, white and golden,
Linking the ardent male-flower to the maid.
And ever that sweet hive, from depths and heights
Of fertile pasture and serene access,
Recall'd and mission'd those swift cenobites,
And sojourn'd in a shining wilderness.
Alas ! the civilizer's barbarous net,
And blighting stealth of dungeon parapet !

GREEN were the boughs that limp'd about the lawn,
And green the leaves that soar'd among the swallows
And the transfigured hazes of the dawn,
Which from the woods and valleys to the hollows
Of crystal space by sun and wind withdrawn
The evening loves to gather and so shroud
Each human heart in slumber-soft devotion,
Were blacken'd far into the skies' one cloud
And thundering eastward like a mighty ocean.
But while I grieved because I would have bow'd
Before the sense of Whom I cannot see,
Lo! through a rent a far fix'd cloudlet woven
Of richest flower-dews peep'd rosily
"Not here is gloom, but with thee. Be it cloven."

Weary of Breath

NOW, Mother, listen to my voice,
And then take me!
Forgive that in defect of choice
I cry to thee!

On heaven and chance thy children call
In their sore need,
But to the Mother of them all
They do not plead.

I should have come to thee at first,
And laid my brow
Against thy beating heart, and burst
In tears as now.

All counsel of the wisest dead
I strove to plumb,
Only the living my cold dread
Withdrew me from;

I trusted in my girlhood's creed,
I sought his shrine
Who raised the dead but will not heed
These tears of mine;

Who will not heed? Or some who claim
His warrant here
Blaspheme him so to make his name
A word of fear.

But now I turn to thy dear face,
And brave thy look,
And find in thy most bland embrace
My sole rebuke.

Round me thy hollow thicket curves
Its sapphire sward,
Who have done all that not deserves
Such rich reward;

To me thy nodding lilies lean
And pour sweet breath,
Whom his proud kneelers call unclean
And doom to death;

Thy dew upon my forehead calms
Its fiery throes,
And sister billows stretch their arms
To keep me close.

Ah yet, like music of the spheres,
The long night through,
One voice for ever fills my ears
Of those I knew;

From hour to hour, till on my bed
The harsh day flaunts,
The vision of a comelier head
Than Phidias vaunts.

I knew not if it were a wrong
To find elsewhere
No glamour to allure me long
Or bid so fair;

I did but follow swiftly then
The call which seems
The one true wisdom in this den
Of evil dreams.

Be it a sin that I would lose
Heaven for his love,
It is a sin that I refuse
Remission of.

Now at the end one thing I crave,
Not tears to weep,
Not love, not shelter of the grave,
But only sleep;

And æon upon æon piled
  Might scarce appease
The famine-frenzy of thy child
  For dreamless ease.

Whate'er is recompense to whom
  Fate seems untoward
To me in thy re-enter'd womb
  I feel assured;

Nor fear I, whatsoever dearth
  Or gain betide,
What heaven can do to me, for earth
  Is on my side.

The two Maestri di Scherma

"GLORY and grace! Ah, Lady Maud!
Does he hope them his, the frail old
lord?
Meat for his—hireling—not for him!"
I kept my eye on the landscape rim.

"Haughty as hell, too, people say!
O sweet blue eyes to look my way,
To leave in the north or lure to the south!"
I smote him heavily on the mouth.

"Ecco pariglia! lose or win!
On guard to save your carrion skin!
A poor thing too for amends—but mine!"
I felt my good point split his spine.

The broken Pledge

THE barrier that delay'd you I have leapt;
The promises I made you all are kept;
That was I who stirr'd the sudden new-born laughter,
And quell'd the quick remorse that follow'd after;
And I the dream that soothed you as you slept.

When the midnight moon is glancing on the moor;
When the ocean herd is prancing to the shore;
When on your bed the risen sun-ray settles,
Through stainèd lattices of tulip petals
And lush wood-lily leaves and hyacinths pure;

Yea, always I am with you in your woe;
And everywhere I breathe you as you go;
Not long faint heart, dear heart, is our division,
Not long ere warm hands to the marge elysian
Uplift you from the icy river's flow.

I DID desire,—but that is foolishness—
To leave one little song to guard my name;
Well suffer'd seem'd the lifelong battle-stress
For such shy foothold on the slope of fame.
Earth-bound I long'd; but since we mortals make
A port oblivious of this outer reef,
I care—I care not—even as lovers take
The omen of the spoil'd flower, leaf by leaf.
Such song embalms one hero's burial-scene
While many a triumph withers, none know why;
Rose Aylmer must preserve his memory green
Whose relics else may all deserted lie;
Our race might be as though it had not been;
Our Dekker's golden numbers could not die.

A Hero

HEED them not, thou heaven-elect!
What hast thou to do with heeding
Lips so foul, whose lips are deck'd
With the splendour of such pleading?

Reptile hiss, polluting slime,
Venom of the false accuser,
Ophiusa is their clime;
Spurn them back to Ophiusa!

Chieftain knightlier than to know
There are foes unseemly for thee,
Churls too base to earn thy blow,
Recreants of thy wrath unworthy!

Mountain-tower of ray sublime,
Storm of tyrant-quelling thunder,
Shall these vampires seek to climb,
These ephemera rally under?

Hadst thou not enough to heed,
Who hast passion in thy pulses
For whatever sufferings bleed
And whatever wrong convulses?

Thee forgiving Hellas knows
And her ancient faith hath plighted,
All her archipelagoes
With the violet crown united.

Italy, by those thrilling years
Of revolts, assaults, and sieges,
Knows thee and the worth reveres
Of thine overshadowing ægis.

Balkan lands, defiled and lean
With long fraud and crimson ravage,
Know thee warrior-wise between
Them and their fell suzerain-savage.

Afric owns thee grandly just
To those wrong'd insurgent neighbours;
Ay, and many a sordid lust
Ravenous to rescind thy labours.

Ireland knows thee in the dawn
Of the destined restoration
To her shell of life withdrawn,
Of her country to its nation.

England knows thee in the night,
  Ere dissolving dawn hath risen
On her phalanx'd parasite
  And remorseless Moloch-prison.

Hero! know thyself! Forget
  Self-oblivion! This thou owest
Ages that shall hail thee yet
  Tenfold loftier than thou knowest.

Kensington Gardens

HERE in the great town-realm a voice of meadows,
A breath of brown spring-mould, an almond bough
Stirring its leafy lights and blossomy shadows
About the lines that I am tracing now ;
Even here each beating bosom is demanding
Its living echo, from on high there falls
The peace of heaven that passeth understanding,
And all around a fresh earth-influence floats,
From their beloved play-water distant calls
Of happy children, and long luscious notes
The rapt soul relishes like creamy fruit
Of jubilant merle and mavis never mute,
And lesser passions from a myriad throats,
Chanting the creed no casuist can dilute.

A Robin

SWEET-OMEN'D autumn darling! Heart of May
In loveless-time! and hast thou then return'd?
Nay, nay, I wrong thee so, for never yearn'd
Season or haunt with grief at thy forsaking;
But now once more I mark each winsome way
Which in the lapse of yester-year I learn'd,
When thou would'st sprinkle while the dawn was breaking
A dewy freshness o'er my fevered waking
From thy "bit half-lang tree,"[7] and day by day
As all things mellow'd choose a nearer one,
Finding the beech that soonest finds the sun
And fills my chamber with a radiance bright
And borrow'd like a golded-bronze moonlight,
Fair but unfinish'd ere thou hadst begun.

V

LATE in a trance I heard a spirit who said,
"His children's harsh necessity is such,
So obdurate the tyrant's greedy clutch,
It is not lawful God's true sons be fed
Or clothed, or housed, or heal'd, or warm'd, or wed,
Since, these being maim'd, those guerdons were too much."
And like a lie dissolving at the touch
Of blazing truth I shrank and veil'd my head.
O mighty angel of that trance return!
Visit me now, if now I be awake,
Stretch forth thine hand unpityingly and burn
Pity into my soul for pity's sake,
And spare not for my crying till I learn
Love of thy stripes, and justice at thy stake.

To Myself

THOU hast no way? or seest none forsooth?
Hast thou the will? It may be thou shalt find
The way adjacent. So the saw opined
Pick'd from that homespun catalogue uncouth,
Which, whatsoever things be false, is truth.
But thou whilst others reap wilt mope behind
And loiter gleaning not though all mankind
Stood ready-cast a Boaz to thy Ruth?
Be of good cheer! go forth into the press,
And find thy use, to gather and bestow,
Thy power expanding as thy claims grow less;
Love and be faithful first if thou would'st know
The reason of thy love and faithfulness,
And why they urge thee, and the way to go.

Proverbs xxii. 2

YES—they have met together—rich and poor—
God is their Maker—and my vision sees
Among all vast divine futurities
That roll in splendour to our planet's shore
One fair-fraught age an alien boskage pour
Upon that waste, and lo! a following breeze
Blots out our poet's sorrow and decrees
Gross living and low thinking are no more.
Foreboding still that flotsam with its wave,
Expectant of that breath across the sea,
The high Incredible all my hope shall have,
Ploughing the sands shall seem no mock to me;
No labour dies, no travail profits, save
As faith may flag or soil the readier be.

HE that hath ears to hear them let him hear
The silent trumpets terrible and sweet;
Sick qualms of soulless hucksters that compete
In the soul-mart lest haply cheap prove dear;
In living hearts remorse; in dead ones fear;
The tyrant's desperate knowledge of defeat
Trampling his martyrs' ashes in the street;
What other clarion ever blew so clear?
Still muster comrades! till each armed heel
Ring to the brazen brickwork as ye go;
March is the word! but what if Satan steal
A surer march on Satan? Yea, I know
A blast within the fortress first shall peal
The downfall of this Devil's Jericho.

Throgmorton Street

OMEN my brothers, let me learn of you;
What truth is yours I also may not win,
Or error mine which I may not undo?
I see you breast the riot, swell the din,
Sustain the shocks the passions and the greed,
Nay love them, choose them, be sustainèd thence:
Yes, I will learn your mystery,—take close heed—
Find health in fever—calm in turbulence.
But here while now the beauteous naked heaven
Is panting, from the world's pent polyglot
No bright earth note is struggling forth, and even
Mankind seems but a foul unnatural blot
To check sad eyes that only craved to see
Some palimpsest of Nature's poetry.

"Nothing worthy of Death"

"In order to die you must first have lived. . . . . Only half a dozen or so have died since the world began."

NAY, Procurator! Thou misapprehendest.
Too many a death-deserving deed wrought He
For tolerance of that Power whose state thou tendest,
And myriad moulds whereof are yet to be.
Who, Pilate, if not He, in thy opinion
Might merit death from Empire for the death
He hath denounced on that obscene dominion
And all its murder with such holy breath?
Worthy of death for death to death accorded;
And worthy, as none since or theretofore,
For life so fraught with life as were rewarded
By that one prize alone most fit and sure.
Life is the lists of death, and death the prize
Which here and there some life deserves—and dies.

John Brown

Forty Years After

O HERO, heeding not that Man should tell
To Man thy praise! Stoop yet our saint to be,
And as thy murder much avail'd to free
A world from baseness unbelievable
So may we still regard our safety well
Remembering thee with Jesus, even as He
That day in Paradise remember'd thee,
Illustrious outlaw by the code of Hell!
Yea, Glory Hallelujah, as erewhile
In that rude strain, by corporate Man be given
To thee and for thee! till new greed and guile
Subtler than aught wherewith thy nerve had striven
Be choked in their own serpent-slime or driven
Headlong to sink their Ophiusan isle!

"The Minotaur" of G. F. Watts

NORTH-WESTWARD from the battlement—on high
In his unholy labyrinthine lair—
Behold the incarnate cruelty descry
The white sail, twinkling in the sunny air,
Of the impious annual forfeit; ear and eye
Nostril and lip, intelligent with lust,
Yea, even the ravenous hoof, unnerved to spare
A lesser prey, seem kindled by the gust
Of fiercer greed for more illustrious fare
Into a flame of famine, since the Trust,
The imperial Youth of Athens, to his need
Implacably devoted, comes to death.
Oh kept, oh broken promise! cancell'd seed
Of hopes begun with your ambrosial breath,
Must this so piteous fate be yours indeed?
Perchance the knightly heir of Ægeus' realm
Vow'd to dislodge the semi-human spirit
From its abhorred husk commands the helm?
Ah vain! if future ages must inherit
That fiend re-risen to ravage and o'erwhelm.

Death or Life?

I

AS I have seen in sorrowing mood
Some radiant and resounding wood,
Suddenly, its loves amid,
Blighted and dis-melodied,
When the hawk's malign patrol
Cancels all its tender soul,
Its joys of many a gentle bird
That were its brain, and minister'd
To each extreme and secret vein
Sweet relish of the summer's reign;
So in this city which should wear
In brain and soul the atmosphere
As when some valiant throng rejoices,
With music pure of children's voices;
I, wandering on this many a day,
Old folks fallen by the way;
Strong men madden'd by mere truth;
Maidens blasted in their youth;

Children prisoning in their eyes
All the hopes of Paradise
Whereinto the worm hath crept
Since their tyrants intercept
Heaven and earth and right to be;
Have seen—alas! not suddenly.

II

Is not this the royal road
Blazed and beaten by your God
As His mercy would, and so,
If we mark it, long ago
Half creation must have died
Were it not for fratricide?
Beasts and birds partake the ban,
And the scaly caravan
Cannibals must ever be
By a like necessity,
Yielding man self-knowledge still,
Proving God's attested will?
Proofs so well and truly tried
Who would question? Who beside
Reprobate or mutineer
Doubt intents so sane and clear?

So ye say and so believe,
Unforeboding what ye weave,
So our souls ye blight and bar,
Unsuspecting what we are.
Triple shame and double death
Must make mockery of your faith
Ere ye know that for what it is
The blasphemy of blasphemies.

Luxury

LESS that thou art the fierce opprobrious hill
Scoop'd from this valley of the Shade of Death
Where millions draw starvation semi-breath,
Than that thy venomous lava sears man's will
And, like the untimely fruit of a woman, still
His children's very souls extinguisheth
My soul this prayer for thy perdition saith,
Thou black abortionist of cruel skill!
Would from this universe of holy laws
God made for shield to joys intense and pure
Thou and thy bestial herd of heartless maws
Were hewn and hurl'd for ever, till, secure
And alien from that taint, whatever awes
And thrills divineliest might avail once more!

A Place (in 1904)

HO every one that thirsteth for the pillage,
And he that hath much money, come and buy,
Safer than rapine, fruitfuller than tillage,
Freebooty from this temple's deity,
Who, by distortion impious of her state,
As when the Pellan's sonship pass'd to Ammon,
Mother of Parliaments, becomes of late
Head harlot of Monopoly and Mammon!
Set out your lies and lures, and bid us mark,
Whoever else usurp, that *ye* were chosen,
If but of eyes your blighting greed keeps dark
And voices your corrupting bribe hath frozen!
Hither! Your wards despoil! Your trusts betray!
Though night bear Nemesis ye have your day.

Another Place (in any year)

"Let laws and learning, art and commerce die,
But leave us still our old nobility."
LORD JOHN MANNERS.

NAY "old nobility," had "commerce" died,
Ye scarce were made, created, or begotten,
Nor had your uses in the state so vied
With fungus in the vine corrupt and rotten.
Bargain-and-sale is all your honour's root;
Slave, jackal, sycophant, your wares ye tender'd,
Pimp royal and imperial prostitute,
Value received requiting service render'd.
Your lords of Loan, your viscounts of the Vat,
Your Dukes of Deadweight had foregone their niches
Unknowing "sibi dat qui caute dat"
And how to stake as well as wring their riches.
Save here and there some yeoman's in the strife
Wages of fraud is your fictitious life.

THERE is a usury benign and wise
Which statesmen and economists may hear
And smile to hear (with such a smile as lies
On scientific boundaries of a sneer)
The godlike usury is which multiplies
Life, human life, chief object of their fear,
Womb of the only good that never dies,
Of mind and soul and genius, sage and seer.
Where justice reigns with love shall love beget
Incarnate benedictions more and more,
But where all Life is Belly and its threat,
All Law defence of Mammon and his store,
The laws of Life must seem but to abet
The deadliest death in all historic lore.

YE have them always with you then—these poor?
A cumbrous load? some reason a reproach?
They dim your lights too ancient? throng your door?
Infest your marts? on all your ways encroach?
Across your sun-wash'd realms a lowering blot?
A poison mingled with your lawns' sweet dew?
From morn to night ye have them, have ye not?
Nay, by the splendour of God! have they not you?
Galls not your goad the lacerated side?
Mars not your curb the mutilated tongue?
What frauds but yours their living wells have dried
And sown despairs their barren souls among?
Behold! your sands are running which forbid
The plea of those who knew not what they did.

O MAN! what sorcery hath thee in its grip?
What strange delirium of the Devil's wine,—
So grossly, unbelievably, supine?
The thought of one black heart, of one mean lip
The careless curve, can set thine earth adrip
With agony and bloody sweat of thine,
Crowning with homage and the halo-shine
This ugly wickedness of statesmanship!
Betray'd—betraying!—in thee I put my trust
And still will put; yet how can it be well
With thine up-breaking through the cosmic crust,
If, basely blinded by a fable's spell,
Thou spare one day from retribution's dust
This hideous, glaring, unmask'd obstacle.

1900

TO a land of fools and blind
By its own soul left behind,
Seeking yet some chance to lead
Squalid aim to godless deed,
No chance but heavenly justice brings
Storks and logs and one-eyed kings,[8]
No fate but outraged law delivers
Ruin from Erinyan quivers.

Once there was a land that seem'd
Sure of all her poets dream'd ;
Truth all lands of lies above ;
Joy and justice, twins of love ;
Climbing centuries, stair by stair,
To some holier upper air,
Mid whose clouds' ambrosial wreathing
Sin and slavery have no breathing.

Shakespeare taught her to despise
Pistol's boasting, Parolles' lies,
Shylock's avarice ; to revere
Hector's vice[9] and Cawdor's fear ;[10]

Ariel sang ; high faiths unfurl'd ;
How alive thou wast, oh world !
Not unspotted but believing
In good fame and its achieving.

When the powers of hell belied
Her, our love, belief, and pride,
Milton spake—and they were prone—
For her light laid down his own ;
When the god of France to clay
Froze and fell, like hers to-day,
Wordsworth claim'd her "ancient dower,"
"Manners, virtue, freedom, power."

Other voices rang and burn'd,
Hers though not by her discern'd,
Which, like sound-worlds men surmise
Past these strait sense-boundaries,
She may hear not till new flights
Lift her to the glittering heights
Whence the clarion of her Shelley
Sounded his divine reveillè.

Other voices yet of bards
Building now for afterwards
Hail her in illustrious lays
Worth her true Imperial days;

He who shows her, lucre-pent,
Things that are more excellent;
He—alas too soon—presaging
Gaea loos'd by Ares' cageing.[11]

Soul of England! Art thou gone
To some dark alternate throne?
Proserpine upon the wane
Destined to come back again?
Shouldst thou come, alas! I fear
Thy revolving hell were here,
While the sons that well-nigh slew thee
Cried "Depart! we never knew thee!"

Shell of England soul-bereft!
Better be our fealty cleft
By such cleavage, severing so
Love and hatred, joy and woe,
Than extinguish'd. Thou the shade
Hast thy vital self betrayed;
More the zeit-geist than the globe is,
She than thou. "Sic vos non vobis."

Not the least thy lovers they
Mourning thy eclipse to-day,
All oblivious as thou art
Of the seer's, the mother's part,

Niggard of such well-pour'd wealth,
As had bought a people's health,
Spendthrift of the spirit forces
Victory's unreplenish'd sources.

Not unfilial they who hold
Justice more than gems and gold,
Slander from thy lips ill-flung,
Boasting bitter on thy tongue,
Spoil and butchery of the best
At the alien's brute behest
And thy lacquey's foul misdealing
Sorrows that will find no healing.

Hark! What voices reach thee now?
Renegades with branded brow;
Mammon-laureates, and the kept
Harlots of the fraud-adept,
Blotting for congenial wage
Honour's unpropitious page;
Slaughter's eager vicars-choral;
Gospellers of golden quarrel.

Plunderer leagued with prostitute
Till the planet be his loot;
Driven slave, and slave that drives
Crying, "Your labour or your lives!"

Serfs who dream not but to flee
From contempt to tyranny,
In one base metabolism
Welding chains and despotism.

Priests who tend with Christian care
Worship of the millionaire,
And immeasurably admire
Lest the burden'd white man tire
Of self-sacrifices due
To the men of other hue,
And each treasure-troubled neighbour,
And the "dignity of Labour."

In this land, most truly theirs
By their tortuous sleights and snares,
Chrematistic power and pride,
How is Labour dignified?
How is Labour's welfare woo'd?
With what staunch solicitude?
With what zeal is Labour's morrow
Screen'd each day from fear and sorrow?

Seek such dignity indeed
Where thy human cancers breed;
Where thy land-thieves take as toll
Famish'd flesh and poison'd soul;

Where no bar of sex or kin
Shields the little child from sin,
Since all Right is made derision
To thy poor's polluted vision.

Shouldst thou that disfigured face
Turn to learn what truth and grace
Surely to thy peace belong,
Lo! the obscene and soulless throng,
Harpies of dwarf Midas wits,
Charlatans and hypocrites,
Little worms not worth thy spittle,
Spit on thee and cry thee "little."

Wilt thou grovel at a word
Of this foul sub-swinish herd?
Plant their famine on thy tilth?
Soil thy splendour with their filth?
Nay, I dread the omens, see!
Thine own self doth rivet thee!
Deadly omens! Impious rivet!
Heaven avert them! God forgive it!

Hence with thy besotted breed
Myths remote are hail'd the creed;
Duties simulated dear
—In another hemisphere;—

Cheap thy children's bloody sweat
While thy lords grow sleeker yet ;
Bann'd corruptions and disorders
Everywhere but in thy borders.

Hence thy craven Church that mocks
Christ with brutal paradox
Still extenuates as of yore
Crimes thy warrior hosts abhor,
Lest one barbarous deed of shame
Lift its infamy from His name,
Or cold avarice lack full payment
Of blood-wage and parted raiment.

Pilates of the pastoral chair,
Herods of the house of prayer,
Callous to the crime that dooms
Three times fifty hecatombs
Of such innocents as their Lord
Hallow'd with His sweetest word,
Sue to Him for Baal blessing
On thy tyrannous transgressing.

For the gulls beguiled by these
Blasphemous idolatries,
" Patriot " Judases whose pledge
Is such traitor sacrilege,

Vainly, vainly wilt thou break
Freedom's sacramental cake,
Vainly reach redemption's chalice
To those lips of greed and malice.

Now one choice awaits thee! Choose!
Once for all decide thy dues!
Life of life that soars and teems?
Life extinct in evil dreams?
Offspring stately as the skies?
Wallowing swine in sanction'd sties?
Pride in earnest truth's endeavour?
Shame to-day and shame for ever?

I LEAVE you stifling near the stews
That rich men save and let
To needy men for certain dues
Of marketable sweat.

You ask if cheerily I fare;
With you the gloom is fell
In smother'd passage, torrid square,
And slum unspeakable.

The hanging wood, the heath ascent
Is mine from end to end,
And all day long each element
My dear familiar friend.

At midnight, musing toward the East
I see her purple cave
Search'd by the Swan and faintly fleeced
By mist the moonbeams lave.

The dawn leaps in through flickering shades
From cloud or blossom thrown
And many a glint that quite evades
Your colour-lexicon.

The singing river blue and red
Beneath that sidelong kiss
Breaks into silver round my head
And stings my blood to bliss.

Then sunny lawns where bugles [12] still
Are blown without a sound,
And Jack is by the hedge [13] with Jill
Who runs along the ground ; [14]

Where purple orchis doth belong
And milky lady-smock,
And down his twinkling skein of song
Dilates the laverock.

The thicket draws my steps anon
With odorous gleam of May
With violets going, going, gone,
And bracken come to stay.

Here glis and vole and coney house,
Coy clans that hide and see,
The dor-fly and the flitter-mouse,
And giant velvet-bee.

Here the belovèd birds do live
Within the dawn-pierced trees,
Earth-sweeten'd and sky-sensitive,
Arcane affinities.

The golden squirrel's bird-like speech,
And vigils ebon-eyed,
And bird-like bounds from beech to beech
Are gladness close allied.

The downy chrysalis that haunts
The willow's tender frond
Takes comfort since the maple flaunts
New pennons to the pond.

The bluebell freshening on the stalk
Bids welcome as I pass,
And none requests me not to walk
Upon the new-sown grass.

'Tis freedom, freedom, everywhere
The soil, the clime, the root
Of all that is of good and fair,
And God learnt by his foot.

When shall his foot his hatred mark
Of hatred, fraud, and wrong?
Oh may it quench them as a spark!
Nor be averted long!

To the People

[In democratic countries the people must always have the Government which they deserve.]

CENTURIES die and take their dead;
Shall nought be new beneath the sun?
O say the thing you might have said,
Do the thing you might have done!

Villainy walks in worship's way,
The devil citeth Scripture fair,
Not to-morrow, but to-day,
In our midst, not other-where.

Rented this green planet rolls
Through its sapphire solitude;
Faints our land beneath the tolls
Of the basest of her brood;

Cultured comfort, nursing well
Formula and shibboleth,
Guards the outer gates of hell,
Seals a bitterer doom than death;

Reverend wrong its doctrine-winds
  Tempers to the wolf unshorn,
And the ransom either finds
  Desecrates the child unborn.

Ours the taint and infamy are
  Of the harlot's costly gold;
We are criminals at the bar
  When the pauper's bell is toll'd;

We were guilty when the share
  Of the weak the tyrant took,
And when Mammon's canting prayer
  Lied at large without rebuke;

Holy peace to death is done
  By corruption in our pay!
Shall we plead that we alone
  Tend the clothes of them who slay?

When the fraud was usher'd in
  By the lacqueys we endure,
Did not we enact the sin
  That despoils the foodless poor?

Act, default, and sufferance, each,
  Will be valid counts that day
When the quibbler lacketh speech,
  And the sentence is to say ;

When the courts of conscience sit
  And futurity decrees,
What avoidance can acquit ?
  What the proofs and what the pleas ?

Only truth's derided dream,
  Only love's abandon'd laws,
And the hours that both redeem
  From the world's obscene applause.

TO feel thy fate as one new-fann'd
To some uncharted ocean-land
May feel a virile fierce design
To pour the powers that in him dwell
Till barren steep and savage dell
Break forth in forest, corn, and vine.

To know thyself as one who knows
His brethren's bitter sins and throes,
Unlighted glooms, unwarded snares;
Taught by the soul's omniscient lens
To find thy grief in other men's,
Thy blessedness in none but theirs.

O strong if thus thou learn at length
The fragile tenure of thy strength,
The un-desert of thy good name,
The lie that gulls thee as thou go'st
With outward pomp or inward boast,
And purge thine undiluted shame!

The Hour

THE hour is here ; put forth
East, west, and south, and north,
To sweet-soul'd hours that hum
In lands and years to come,
Untamably put forth on the untamed weather ;
A long pull,
A strong pull,
And a pull all together.

Yet first one firm look yield
To the murder-fatten'd field,
One look—and then forget
The battle night where yet
In shivering gloom the dormant day increases ;
A mad pull,
A bad pull,
And a pull all to pieces.

Dawn

RISE, gather, regret no longer
The fabulous days of yore
Ere many and much were stronger
Than good and pure;

New days and a new horizon
Of your own true hearts are bred,
And the darknesses lust relies on
Are dying, dead.

VI

BURIED alive too long, too long
My heart has slept in a charnel lair,
Because in the winds there are sounds of wrong
And a scent of blood on the shining air;
Were the whole world flooded with sun and song
Its sorcery less awakening were
If the lightest leaf on the humblest tree
Forsook sweet nature's usury.

Let me be slow a little while
To note those evil deeds of hers;
Let me forget the lustful guile
Of her unnumber'd murderers,
To ponder the eternal smile
That cancels all her frown avers,
And humbly contemplate afar
How dear her tendernesses are.

I will arise and journey past
  Drear realms the all-hideous rules as his,
Mart, forum, camp, arenas vast
  Of turpitudes and carnages,
In wingèd visions fair and fast
  From all that seems to all that is,
From founts and effluences of death
To ardours of perpetual breath.

I will escape from all of me
  That fears and judges, doubts and loathes,
Fanatical and eclectic be,
  As one reserved by heavenly oaths
Nothing to know, or feel, or see,
  Save one all-dazzling beam that clothes
The infinite things beneath the sky
With beauty it reveals them by.

No reaching backwards of the soul
  By highways of heredity
That bridge the time-sphere pole to pole
  And link the epochs eye to eye
Affines us to the cosmic whole,
  But the spirit of hope and prophecy,
And provocations of awe that win,
Her vast expectancies from within.

Of all that seems are lust and pride
  And cruelty, and the seed they sow
Comes back to them in suicide
  And self-encompass'd overthrow,
And parturitions, ere they died,
  Of broods that moulder'd long ago,
By some divine prolepsis flung
Dead to the void from whence they sprung.

Of all that is are loftiest thought,
  Faith in the lovable alone,
Mercy, the thing that shall be wrought,
  And truth, the thing that must be known,
And mysteries of deep meanings caught
  From gleam, and odour, and touch, and tone,
That unconsumably intersperse
The secret sap of the universe.

Ay! more than the world can comprehend
  Of paradise each hour is born,
Whether the silvery rim star lend
  Her pilot ray to the infant dawn,
Or follow the opal evening-end
  When the night-call sounds on the beetle-horn;
Or the noon bees bathe in their drowsy din
The still renewing jessamine.

Or Earth hath woven herself—ah, why?
A veil of strange asceticism
To hide her face from the crystal sky
Where the sun rolls high in his blue abysm,
And lo! her veil she putteth by,
And heaven's white beams, as through a prism,
To the soul of man and the brow of her
A dædal glory minister.

Or the winter night descendeth soon
With Perseus braced to the assault,
And Pegasus whose sparkling shoon
From Hippocrene afar must halt,
Or Venus and the new-bent moon
Are glittering in the blue-black vault,
As though they tail and head might be
Of the cruel crutch of Hecate.

Or, when the new Enthusiasm
On winter's throne comes forth to sit,
And to the utmost azure chasm
One silver cloudlet seems to flit,
Is there no spirit-amorous spasm
What time the skylark pierces it
And new-begotten being wakes
Through all its radiant wreaths and flakes?

For the rain is over. It is the time
Of the singing of birds, and the velvet swoop,
And the wording of love in thyrse and cyme,
And tassels telling of husk and drupe,
And passion flushes from spikes that climb,
And desire is hidden in leaves that stoop,
And myriad souls work out their dream
In snowy umbel or dark raceme.

In fur-clad Boreal, Indian Pict,
In hordes sub-human of quicken'd clay,
By love enlighten'd, by hunger prick'd,
Primeval loyalties spring to lay
Their stern invincible interdict
On Armageddon, and point the way
To a land of promise that soon will be
A land of possession verily.

There faith will flourish again; no more
High-placed betrayers of holy creeds
Will stifle the old instinctive lore
That the ape and the bee and the bushman heeds,
Nor reverend nescience wrest man's store
To the baulking of man's high hopes and needs,
For mine and thine, and hers and his,
Will be ours when the world-lustration is.

MOTHER dear, once more the days
When the smouldering secret wakes
Me, a germ of thine ignition,
Kindle into thwarted rays,
Torture to a tone that breaks;
Give me utterance, give me vision.

Bodest thou not with stammering lips
New faiths rising in thy dreams
From the past which thou deplorest,
Tingling at the finger-tips,
Murmuring at the tongue-extremes,
Of the pregnant virgin-forest?

Give me grace, if not to tell,
Yet to know with temper'd pain
Fitful lore thy low tones smother,
Solace of thy shrouded well,
All the passion-thrill'd arcane,
All the veil'd divine, my Mother.

Bounteous, beautiful, benign,
  Is it *thou* whom I betray,
    I, thy temple's awed frequenter,
In the temple, at the shrine,
  Tongueless though the seraphs pray,
    Icy though the sun-god enter?

Fervours of the warbling throng,
  Whisperings of the golden gorse,
    Spirit breaths of pinewoods sunny
Poison with the shame of wrong,
  Darken with the deep remorse
    Of my bitter parsimony.

An Ulster Plantation

LITTLE dingle, wilt thou take,
Wilt thou take and nurse
These orphans of the lea and lake
Solving so the curse?
Men their neighbours' land-marks looting
By old laws were bann'd;
Is there shrift for maids uprooting
Neighbours from the land?

Here, for in no sumptuous May
Rumour'd by thee yet
Beauty from her primrose way
Cast so wide a net,
Here the hawthorn lights her glory
Sooner than should be
And evades her dormitory
Froward euphrasy.

Here be hyacinths drooping down
  Which the hill-copse bred,
Ivy-foliage olive-brown,
  Sainfoin's holy head,
Here be fern and windy blossom
  Younger than the day,
With the milk of thy sweet bosom
  Suckle them, we pray!

Here, from shackling bryony blooms,
  Foil'd oblivion notes
To his purple nightshade dooms
  Turquoise antidotes;
Mallow from the marshes' welter,
  Starweed from the pool,
Come with us to crave thy shelter
  And abide thy rule.

Here dream starry saxifrage,
  Daisy of the moon,
He who, come to waking age,
  Goes to bed at noon;
Mint from ripples where she waded
  Sleeps with cousin thyme,
Orchis here accepts thy shaded
  For her sunny clime.

Every element a hope
  Proffers to thy pale;
Hast thou not an aëry slope
  Clematis may scale?
Hast thou not some sandy pillow
  Where the ling may rest,
And a bright exiguous billow
  For the naiad-guest?

This in blazon, that in root,
  Here and there a clod
Fallow ere the fœtal fruit
  Plump the virgin pod;
Lull'd delayers till September's
  Equinoctial arch,
Flashes wan of waning embers
  Blown ablaze in March.

Comrades all they come with us
  Unreluctant still;
What should make them mutinous
  To that kindly will?
Well they know the dear marauder
  Voice and flower-like face
Who to-day o'ersteps thy border
  And implores thy grace.

In their lives they understand,
In their deaths approve,
One who loves the fairies and
Whom the fairies love ;
So do thou, sweet foster-mother,
Healing and redress
Un-vouchsafed to every other
Grant her graciousness.

Pretiosa

THE sitting thrush if I draw near
(Which God forgive me for)
With soft black eye dilated clear
Stares back with steadfast awe;

The squirrel up his treasury tower,
A shifting bulwark, speeds,
When that first sun-warm winter hour
The chance encounter breeds;

When heat-inebriate grigs of June
Have sung the lizard out
My careless shadow cast too soon
His sunny dreams will rout;

The doe with her unknowing fawn,
At rumour of my tread,
Must seal like frost on his blithe dawn
The heritage of dread;

Should feet profane no more revere
  The consecrated garth,
The quick blue flame call'd kingfisher
  Leaves cold its island-hearth;

The world is full of fairy things
  Born sacred to themselves,
Polluted by the glance that clings,
  The scrutiny that delves.

I, wandering here where foam-bows flash'd
  And firry cliffs are piled,
Saw once—and went my way abash'd—
  The soul of a little child.

The Reparation

"IT" (the toad-flax) "frequently occurs in the neighbourhood of old monasteries, and appears to have been cultivated by the old monks as a garden flower."

NOW while the corn-fields kiss the sun
And birds that sang are listening,
For thee there waketh, lovely one,
The hour of thine un-christening.

The red fruit slakes the reaper's want,
The golden mists are rising,
To bathe the robe and brim the font
Against thy re-baptizing.

Down to the dim monastic years
I delve to probe thy slander,
Ere saintly guilds' demesnes and meres
Assuaged their dread disbander.

The holy loved thee; sages still
Detect, where'er is spoken
Thy clan's sweet tale by hedge or rill,
Some holy garden's token.

The holy loved, and knew thee kin
To earth's celestial races,
And made thee sanctuary within
Their malice-proof oases.

And wandering there, when they might see
Thy gold and orange splendour,
What symbol would they make of thee?
What honouring title render?

No spoken spirit-robe had match'd
Thy sap-and-blossom clothing,
Yet sure no railer, reptile-hatch'd,
Could link thy fame with loathing?

Better Oblivion claim'd from Time
All truth as his oblation,
Than truth endured the downward climb
From love to desecration.

Thee, loved so well by Man and God,
Dark ages intervening
Weed from the garden's graceless sod,
And load with noxious meaning.

What poison had thy sponsor drunk,
Who lacked nepenthe rather?
Or was some jaundice-madden'd monk
Thy blasphemous fiend-father?

Half of the name we now put by,
Rude hieroglyph of curses,
A laxer Euphemist than I
Had veto'd from his verses.

That acrid oaf, of whom 'tis said
Though vile—he still is wearing
A precious jewel in his head
To wean us from despairing!

Shame to betray thee thus to him
With high souls recognizing
That boon of thee for eponym
Were jewel worth the prizing!

Saints Peter, Patrick, John and James,[16]
—Hyperions to this satyr—
To blooms less lovely wed their names
With reflex fame the greater.

And since their priests have spurn'd the choice
To twine thee with their office,
Nor can their churches' varying voice
Award perennial trophies,

Do thou approve me if I seek
In treasuries more abiding
Some symbol, beautiful and Greek,
And fit for thy confiding.

The spirit and the tongue that tell
  Of Hyacinth's grace and story,
Of Amaranth and of Asphodel,
  May dare to drape thy glory ;

And that proud utterance which could seize
  And link in constellations
Eridanus and the Hyades
  Will lend its ministrations.

In token that thou art released
  From thy profane indenture,
This radiant hour is ample priest
  To consecrate our venture ;

In pledge of newness to redeem
  Thine outworn teleutaia,
We dip thee in this August gleam
  And crown thee " Chrysaglaia."

GONE thou art and ere we go,
If indeed we go not
Straight o'er death's sweet-murmuring flow
To the life we know not,

Greater daring must we dare,
Bravelier obedient;
Works and days all void of their
Most divine ingredient.

Pale the dawn's red lips unheard
And extinct the message;
Lost the secret whence the bird
Wove all joyous presage;

Dead the dreams of starry-tide,
Sere the wind-paths sunny,
From the world of promise dried
All the milk and honey.

What is death's despite of good
That we shun its wooing,
What earth's magnet that we should
Cleave to its undoing ?

This the star malignant where
One pure life thou spentest,
That the true illustrious sphere
Whereinto thou wentest.

Nay, the steep track thou hast worn
By thy blood confessèd,
Traversed wave and trodden thorn,
Shall they not be blessèd ?

Saw we here thy glorious ends
Sought by sloth and juggle ?
Onward ! to the sea-track, friends,
And the mountain struggle !

Lights will lure us from the fens
While the gloom is deepest,
Dulcet swards of down-hill glens
Where the toil is steepest ;

Voices summon from each shore
Where our shallop lingers,
Poppied couch and open door
Set by beckoning fingers ;

Past each vain luxurious light,
Past each phantom pleasance,
Mount we to the mystic height
Kindled by thy presence;

Past each wooing creek and gate
Voyage we to discover
Death, the happy happy state
That holds our friend and lover.

As hill-guides their convoys link
On the mask'd sierras,
Ere they try the treacherous brink
And the icy terrace;

As the pilot's thread of soul
Weaves the fleet together,
When the mast-head beacons roll
Through the black storm weather;

So thy wake (so we be true)
Like a meteor trailing,
Shall the dark years lighten through
And prescribe our sailing;

So thy spirit's bland control
Spirits here that knew thee
Past each ambush'd chasm and shoal
Guards and guides unto thee;

So we fling behind life's waste,
  Saved by death's sure token
Of that glory unerased
  And that thread unbroken.

We shall meet mysterious change
  As the years bring nigher
That horizon-hidden range
  And auroral fire;

In a clime like that of yore,
  From our watch awaking,
We shall see a sudden shore,
  Hear a bright wave breaking,

Scent a warm breath off the beach
  Wooingly assail us,
Catch the slowly-swelling speech
  Of dear hearts that hail us,

Feel all doubt and chill depart
  Whence the pure and free are,
Know the Wonder that thou art
  And the love that we are.

A Holiday

AITHALIONIC[17] lizards we,
Blithe cicadas chirping free
In this hot grass by the sea
Round the red-trunk'd odorous tree.

"Distant spires and antique towers"
With their progeny and its powers
Crown yon watery glade of ours
Where the molten sunlight showers;

Christchurch, Jesus, each a son,
Trinity, Pembroke, two and one,
Send for fabric rarely spun
Where Cam-Isis tasks are done;

Music, arms, and art galore,
Commerce, law, and literature
All send missions to explore
This new model miss'd before;

Layers of the dockyard keel,
Heroes of the wave-struck wheel,
Craftsmen deft to weave, or deal
Masterly with stone and steel;

Harriet, Flo, and 'Liza, who
Years of slum-pent childhood through
Prettiest of the pretty grew—
Dirtiest of the dirty too!

Now no taint or scar you trace,
All self-honour, strength, and grace
Of the brave and true who face
Terrors of the fierce life race.

With clean force and supple ease,
Tone and mien and motion please
Ear that hears and eye that sees;
Anybody's children these!

Gathering round the red-trunk'd pine,
Drinking in what truths divine
Stately prose or mighty line
Everlastingly enshrine;

Converse opening like a prism
Innate hues of heroism
From wan tales of craven schism
Want and woe and despotism;

Error of the laws that gave
To the few what all should have,
To the rest bare right to crave
Prison, pauper house, or grave;

Wisdom of the laws to be
When the souls of men are free
From gold's Caliban decree
And their own subserviency;

Love and mystery of the laws
Whose sweet spell the bird-stream draws,
Blossom-suckled hips and haws,
Autumn ends of April's cause;

Starry myths at twilight fall,
Perseus and the maiden thrall,
Taurus and his aëriads all,
Answering to the names we call;

So conspire we, while our themes
Swell with tributary streams,
Sudden hopes and distant dreams,
What prevents and what redeems;

Till the temper'd voices rear
Harmonies and anthems clear,
Weaving into all things here
Fibre of another sphere.

By the pricking of those thumbs
To whose touch the harp-string hums
And our choir'd pro-œmiums
Something blessed this way comes.

The Thrush

WOULD I might constrain thee tell
What it is thou doest
All the daylight in the dell
Now its leaves are newest;
Whirring wings and light-foot sallies
Down the orchard-cleaving alleys.

Ways of dreaming toward the dawn,
When o'er ether spaces
Veils of subtle tint are drawn
—Smit with Iris traces—
By the pure cold winds that fan them
To un-trance the coming anthem.

Ways of hushing toward the end
While the day's dark lashes,
Twilight call'd by man, descend,
And bright Venus flashes,
Lingering till thy chant thou closest,
As she roam'd ere thou arosest.

Ways of basking in the shade,
When the noontide splendour,
Deluging the chestnut glade,
Lulls with radiance tender,
Like a lamp of emerald lustre,
Thee within thy leafy cluster.

Ways of wooing, ways of love,
Ways of plunging deeper
In that occult realm whereof
Oberon's self is keeper,
Whence the shine of that dominion
Dapples still thy downy pinion.

On me questing falls no scare
Lest, considering duly,
Not to know them happier were
Than to know them throughly?
Lest sweet mystery in thy whilom
Secret lose some dear asylum?

All thy ways are dear to me,
Seen or unsuspected;
Hidden in the hawthorn-tree,
By the lake reflected,
Mute, or when thy pæan's surges
Beat the red horizon's verges.

Less thy common hourly aim,
  Innocent or cruel,
More the soul's aërial flame
  Fed on magic fuel;
And the charms wherewith thou changest
Cosmic dross to pregnance strangest.

Worthier truly than we know
  Are the brown earth's breathing,
Sunny cloud-vault, rainy bow,
  Dim tellurian seething
Lock'd in temperate zone or torrid,
If from these thy skill be quarried.

Last year's blossom in thy blood,
  Stored by field and forest,
Tones and tints it not the flood
  Mirk to mirk thou pourest;
Sap-supplied by gourd and berry
'Twixt the mute time and the merry?

Round and round the cottage eaves,
  Mid thy wayward pauses,
Where the busy springtime weaves
  Blossomy trellis-gauzes,
Finch and tit alight or flitter
With melodious clink and twitter.

Up and down his curvèd scale
  Runs the starling's whistle,
Till, as stars in night's blue veil
  Read the dawn's dismissal,
That un-jealous emulation
Dwindles in thine exultation.

Fiercely thy tempestuous strains
  Rout the year's pale dreamings,
As when summer's languor wanes
  Autumn's gusty gleamings
Blaze upon the salt wet shingle,
With the leafy mäelstrom mingle.

Fair they float across the skies,
  Silvery constellations
Hidden from our clouded eyes
  And corrupt notations,
Till deep instincts embryonic
Find once more our lapsed mnemonic.

How thy prophet heart must beat
  Man's heart dimly guesses,
Planning those divine complete
  Shapeless wildernesses,
With wide orbits starry-fashion
Trod by heavenly hope and passion!

As a child I cherish yet
  That wild chance that won thee
Once into my clasp, and set
  Once my kiss upon thee ;
Then, as since with many a wonder,
Burst that transient link asunder.

Not before, or then, or since
  Was my love mistaken
Of the raptures that evince
  Whence thy notes awaken
Lore experience hath not moulded,
Dreams no poet e'er unfolded.

Something else thou wert and art
  Than the plumed endeavour
Of the eternal Passion-Heart,
  The Romance for ever ;
Effluence of æonian cordial,
Memory of the peace primordial.

Shield thy mystery, guard thy bliss,
  Bate not thy denial ;
Our dear Mother holds amiss
  All unearn'd espial ;
Long and late but sure the earning
Of her sweet immortal learning.

The Velvet Bee

WILD gipsy of the amber belt
And flossy ebon fleece,
Whose touch is an endearment felt,
Whose chant a woven peace,
Whose aëry vestiges unwind
Dim perfumed pathways in the mind.

The distant birth, the rise, the fall,
The fading of the chant
Across the glen, along the wall,
And up the heather slant,
Come—soothing as a memory fond,
Go—beckoning to some bright beyond.

I heard thee in the jessamine,
I knew thee as I dream'd,
Astuter than thy busy kin
Though less astute esteem'd;
Not thee as those the man-thief tricks
In husbandry or polemics.

Would'st be the proverb of his praise?
Would'st earn his lyric zeal?
Bestir thyself, amend thy ways,
Ally thee to the leal
Of every type and tribe and gens,
Whose mills are grist for greedy men's.

For such as these and not for thee
The moralist unloads
His turgid tons of homily
And sempiternal odes,
Acclaiming, since the fruits are his,
Their wondrous arts and industries.

I know thee and thy nurtured plot,
To pass with fading croon
Where writ of science runneth not
And law and order swoon;
Scheming to save thyself alive,
Far from the trim well-plenish'd hive.

I track thine unassiduous way
With intuition's glance,
I see thee shameless of delay,
Or dead-aloof in trance,
Or stagnant in the murmuring pines,
Or dawdling down the trellised vines.

But whether[18] by long-tunnell'd stair
Thy subterranean home
Thou winnest, or hast roof'd thy lair
With moss-dilated dome,
Or crannied wall secures thy grot,
That dialect sweet resolves me not.

I love thee for a thousand things
That are beloved by thee,
The light that lifts thy rainbow wings
And magic minstrelsy,
Meridian heat, and starry night[19]
Too soft to chill thee or affright.

And for thyself I love thee, whom
A thousand things I love,
Delights of colour, breath and bloom,
Are fervent votaries of:
The whin that plumes the corries' edge,
The wave that bows the woodbine hedge.

With thee the privet-treble's zone,
The prunis' middle space,
The copper beech's baritone,
The purple hazel's bass
Vibrate the foliage colour-harp,
And red hips thrill the quarry-scarp.

Sweet pimpernel his lovelier glint
Than all the starry fold,
Speedwell her pure cærulean tint,
And silverweed her gold,
Send forth where tormentil his tents
Moors fast with ruby filaments.

Here, in the radiant aftermath
Of soft September met,
These bright companions of the path
That human feet forget
Press on to seek in happy haste
Re-union with the grassy waste.

These woo thee but as sunrays woo
That charm the robing air,
But dainty diet craves thee too,
And emulous nectar-fare,
Sweet peas, and crimson melilote,
And dragon's eager ambush'd throat.

And willow-herb that chokes the foss
With rose-beams to the brim,
And scabious purpler for the loss
Of his frail lilac rim,
And knap-bloom that whole mornings long
Delays thy flight and quells thy song.

No death can bring belief of death
To haunts where thou art guest,
The summer's noon continueth
While thou continuest,
Weaving the joys that most allure
Of temperament and temperature.

The soothèd mist each rowan-ridge
Re-softens on the brae;
The morrow craves not to abridge
The bliss of yesterday;
The ruin unrepair'd repairs
Its sparkling moss and maiden-hairs.

The older and the deadlier things
Elude thy jocund track,
What time thy herald murmur brings
The breath of childhood back,
And in the twinkling of an eye
Re-hoards the hope of infancy.

Farewell, farewell, and come again,
And often be the first
Re-wakener of the weary brain
When sunny sluices burst,
Good luck goes with them all the way
Who in thy peace begin their day.

Apodosis

HITHER once again we glide
After many a day,
As the unfelt air-wrought tide
Hugs the pine-lock'd bay,
And the loveliest isle enfolds
Which the loveliest island holds.

Hither we, my boat and I,
Mirror-charm'd between
Azure lake and azure sky,
Wend the path unseen
Which the pilot currents know
O'er the cloud-cave lit below.

Echoes of the old time wrought
Surge and chime anew;
Little boat with relics fraught,
Hast thou memory too,
Whence some flash of heavenly flame
Haunts the spirit of thy frame?

Fibre of a mystic strand,
Element of the chain
Linking sky and flood and land
And the realms arcane,
Did not some foreboding skill
Scoop thy shape from yggdrasil?

Never dawn-cloud under way
For the skiey deep,
In whose film soft lightnings play
Like sweet dreams in sleep,
Held a voyager sweet as she,
Seraph inmate then of thee.

Peace, and joy, and genius, heard,
Felt or seen in guise
Of white shape and thrilling word
And illumined eyes,
Thou, like one whose load up-bears,
Entertainedst unawares.

Of the freight within thee stored
Those blue skies beneath
Not of nectar-pulp the gourd,
Not of bloom the sheath,
Not of nautilus the shell
Was a blither vehicle.

Hermit oak—and cloistral pine
Where the wood-doves house—
Braes where ancient-lineaged kine
Ruminate and drowse—
Pools where dainty brook-limes blow—
Past them, one by one, we go.

Girdling trunk and knoll and hurst,
As the planet ring
In the ecliptic sea immersed
Takes new posturing,
Hide, advance, retreat and wheel
Motion'd by the slipping keel.

Now once more alongside laid
By the slow South-drift,
Half in sun and half in shade,
Halt we in the rift
Where the lily platform lies
Of the basking dragon-flies.

Here mid drowsy ripples we
On that other noon
Lapsed to full tranquillity,
As the rounded moon
Poises in the utmost sky,
Furl'd her wings and wide her eye.

Here we coil'd our rushy yoke,
And the day burnt on,
While the fledgy long-shore folk
Dabbled, or anon
Through the echoing valley sent
Mellow cries of deep content.

As of old the halcyons dwell,
And the winds are trod
By the choirs invisible,
And a buried god
Lives beneath the living pall
Aqueous and aërial.

Distance wider than the poles,
Nearness glassy-thin
Alienate these dusky shoals
Of the scarlet fin
And the swallows' dipping reach,
Yet that god is god of each.

From the brink the emerald net,
Flung with elfin craft
Fathoms down, enmeshes yet
Its miraculous draught
Of the fierce meridian day's
Hyaline-sifted sunny rays.

Spreading landwards and aloft
Bright amphibian weeds
Trespass toward the moated croft
And the slope that feeds
Vista'd clumps the mountains wind
Violet-shadow'd glens behind.

Fine and feathery purple flower
Of the whispering sedge!
For a calm and crystal hour
By the blue lake's edge,
Wast thou not of me and her
Once a welcome eavesdropper?

Yellow loose-strife, tall and fair!
What art thou of kith
To the golden gleams we were
Once so happy with,
While the witchery of their spell
Overshadow'd all things well?

Save them!—genii of that hour—
Whose compelling hand
Baulk'd the dread and dreamless Power
Of the scythe and sand,
Smote the Smiter and applied
Opiates to the Open-eyed.

Somewhere—somewhere—and somehow,
I was ever sure,
Some renascent here-and-now
Of the good and pure
Bursts from buried joys that were
In the distant then and there.

Spirit contact, lissom curve,
Voice, and dewy dye,
Vibrant in each spirit-nerve,
Pictured on the eye,
Satiating the inward ear,
Truly had sweet being here.

Say not such no more avail
Than some dream of wax,
Quick but as those senses frail
Mould it or relax,
Some ephemeral lust enjoy'd
And remitted to the void.

All that was must ever be.
All that lived must live,
Though an altered imagery
Diverse organs give,
Heralding as bloom the fruit
Consummation absolute.

Channels of the earthly sense,
Traversing whose course
All innate omnipotence
Fills us from its source,
Rather screens and barriers are
Than the voice oracular.

These are clothed with self-disdain
And remorseful throes
Like some halting scholar, fain
With his alien prose
To obscure immortal song
Radiant in its native tongue.

Are they dear, the joys that these
Bring us and let fall?
Hush! not theirs the magic is;
Deep behind them all
Hear the eternal underplot
Of the Word that dieth not!

That is Life whereof there play
Vague scent-rumours borne
On a breath that dies away,
Yielding souls forlorn
Occult clarities that meet
For an hour or a heart-beat.

Life is where the stormless zone
And the ageless age
Guard the senses' jettison
From all mortal rage,
And all elements pure embalm
In a clear expectant calm.

Wreck'd be yon meridian dome;
Sunk this glassy floor;
Waste the gleam-anointed holm;
Still on that new shore
She, and I, and all things sweet
Mingled here, once more shall meet.

THE evening's breath is that of many
things
To whom the sun has talk'd the red hours
through,
The spendthrift pines', deep ferns' and patient
ling's
Still panting pondering that strange tale
anew;
And as I pause beside you in the hush
Our own two hearts inviolably embalm,
The silence deepens while the hectic flush
Slowly remits the quelling counter-charm;
And, deepening, passes over into words
Bewraying suppliants of an alien zone,
That shun the world as shy melodious birds
Forbear the bounds of rueful climes
unknown;
Do you not hear them, tremulous as a star,
Profound as night? Of such as these you are.

Astrologers

WONDER of sound and silence, dusk and hue,
Joy and fear!
Howbeit it is good for me and you
To be here!

Long thunders tense with quivering passion roll,
Whose mute peal
The mountain echoes sleep through, but the soul
Quakes to feel.

From moon and meteor and majestic star
In high train
Flow visions too incredible by far
To be vain,

As momently the voiceless winds unveil
In the sky
Clear gulfs where Vega and the Cygnet sail
Sparklingly;

As momently the broad June lightning flash
Fallen away
Restores the gleam yet flickering in the ash
Of burnt day ;

As momently, by gathering glooms unpent,
Friends and foes
That throng the waiting soul's environment
Muster close.

To bid or banish, strengthen or disarm
These that throng
We crave no exorcising spell, no charm
Of slow song ;

No shelter of the light that over-swam
Raphael's chair ;
No word, no wand, no woven pentagram
Traced in air.

Though wizards of the symbol and the code
Search the stars
To date undestined famines, and forebode
Phantom wars ;

Though Earth be theirs, and flame, and skiey tents,
Seas, and rills,
To curb the inmates of those elements
To their wills;

To lure the unincarnate into speech,
Face to face;
Touch lips with the discorporate, and reach
Utmost space;

My hand about your neck that one soft cheek
Leans to kiss
Holds response those vex'd augurs vainly seek,
Ever miss;

Your cloud of sweet warm hair that whelms and soothes
Lips and eyes
Illumes me with disclosure, fair new truths,
Glad surprise.

The globèd loveliness that presses here
On my heart,
With pressure that is yielding, guides each sphere
With love's chart.

Soul and body we are breast-plate and a flame
Falchion-fierce
That no despair can parry and no shame
Ever pierce.

The signals all are set that ancient hate
Shrinks before,
The battlements about us, and the gate
Made secure.

Denials all are nothing save for hurts
Doubt can bring.
Everything is true. God asserts
Everything.

I SEE my life as a crystal cup,
Thine within it ; on a day
Love Almighty fills it up ;
In a moment takes away
All its sad discolour'd grey.

I feel my soul as a young god's brain.
Wreathes about its subtle cells
Nectar-incense ; from each vein
Fertile sap of wisdom wells
That predestines and foretells.

Through this award so dearly dealt
Be for aye, as thus hath been,
Fervour of thy spirit felt,
Colour of thy genius seen,
In strong soul and life serene !

THE jonquil low in happy death,
The cowslip scarce begun,
Morn with her light south-eastern breath
And soft south-eastern sun.

The glen's long sigh of many a flower
So equably it blows,
Day after day and hour by hour,
And sure as a single rose.

And through and over the ripening wood
The sunshine pulses shoot,
As the immersing golden blood
Voluptuous-veinéd fruit.

What am I waiting for? The weir,
Whose plashing threads the vines,
Tells of a loud unwaiting sphere,
A strife that swells and pines.

I wait for all things; strive no more;
Seek not to know or tell;
Unsought, unmemoried, all are sure
And all ineffable.

NOTES

1. "The Dream and the Picture." For the obscurity of these verses the author can only plead that they tried to express an inborn but elusive superstition of his childhood and youth.

2. "Red-herbs." Red Rattle, a wide-spreading marsh-flower.

3. "That Parian cliffs conceal." The lost ideals as well as the innate but unliberated lineaments of the ancient sculpture. No doubt good marble may be carved into bad statues.

4. "Eyebright." A local term for germander speedwell.

5. "Inquiline," a creature occupying a dwelling that properly belongs to another.

6. "Cuckoo's mate and cuckoo's meat." The wryneck and wood-sorrel.

7. "Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height of some bit half-lang tree."
(*The Brigs of Ayr.*)

8. "One-eyed kings." An allusion to a well-known proverb.

9. "Hector's vice."

"Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you."

(*Tro. and Cress.*, v. 3.)

10. "Cawdor's fear."

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

(*Macbeth*, i. 7.)

11. "The Cageing of Ares." (Dedicated to the Council at the Hague by George Meredith.)

12. "Bugles." *Ajuga reptans*, the pretty blue meadow flower.

13. "Jack-by-the-hedge." *Sisymbrium alliaria*, a white hedgerow flower.

14. "Jill-run-along-the-ground." The ground ivy.

15. "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

(*Tro. and Cress.*, iii. 3.)

16. Samphire, London Pride, St. John's Wort, and Shepherd's Purse.

17. "Rejoicing in the heat." Αἰθαλίωνες is thus rendered by Dr. Kynaston, Professor of Greek in Durham University, in his "Theocritus" (5th edition), p. 153. A friendly critic declares that the word "can never have that meaning." But it is the meaning wanted, and the author shelters himself behind the Senior Classic and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, feeling able to forego the additional

argument that his sponsor, a distinguished Eton and Cambridge oarsman (No. 7 and stroke in the races with Oxford 1856-7), must have had many experiences of "rejoicing in the heat" on the Thames and elsewhere. Assuming the meaning to be correct, it may qualify the lizard as well as the grasshopper as in Idyll VII. of Theocritus.

18. Three different types of velvet-bees are alluded to.

19. On warm nights he often will not come home at all, but wraps himself up in his fur and does not care a pinch of pollen for anything.

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